·KISS ALBUM · IRON MAIDEN · SPINAL TAP·

September 20-October 3 No 77 70p

KERRANG!

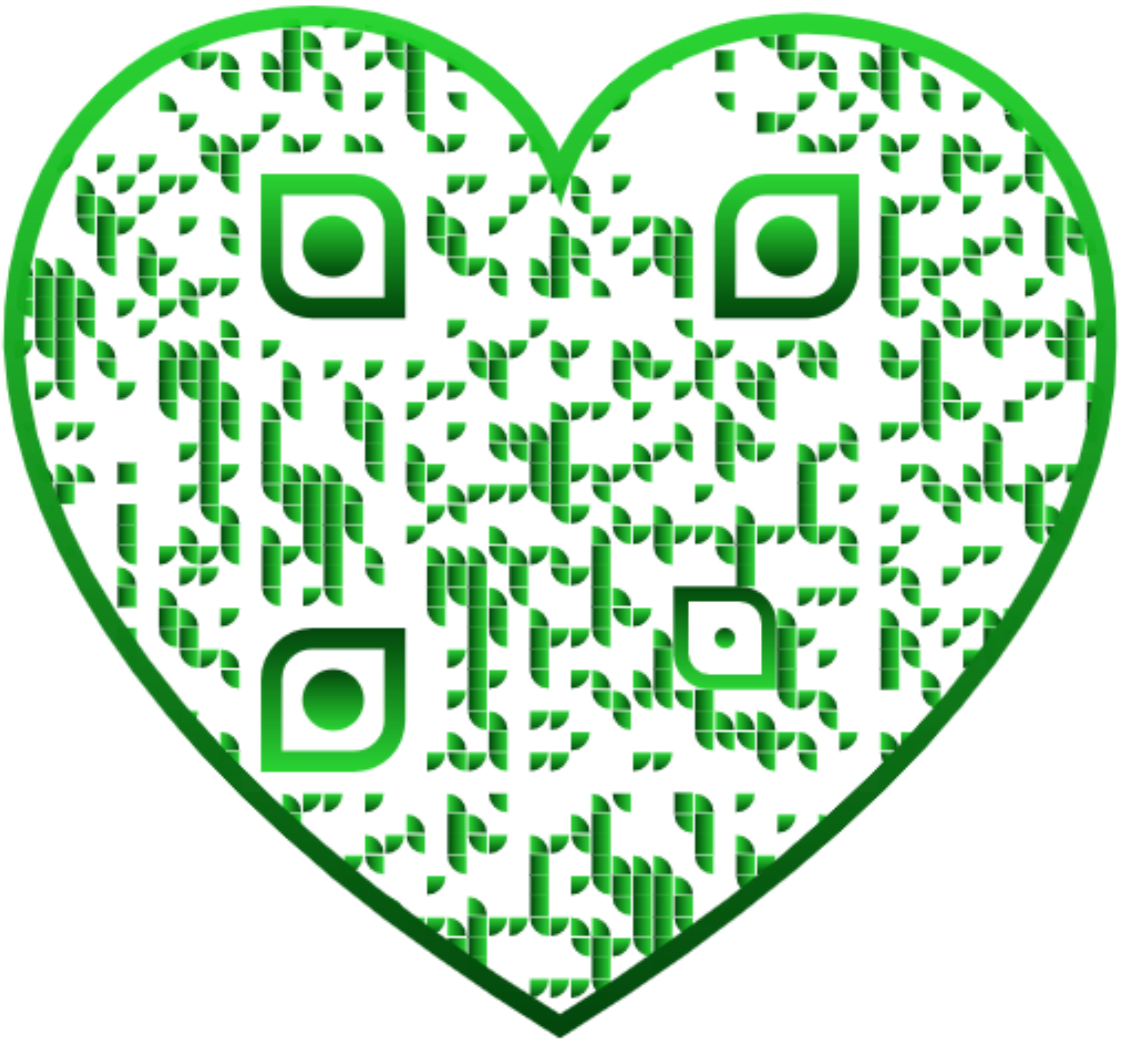
Motörhead, Twelfth Night, Thor and many more star in the Kerrang! Weekend Festival! Ticket details inside...

QUEENSRŸCHE

GEOFF TATE takes the traditional image of the heavy rock vocalist one step beyond!

GEOFF TATE: Pic Ross Halfin

* QUEEN
* DIO
* OZZY



MAYHEM!

■ ***LIONHEART*** *HAVE just issued their debut album through the* Epic *label in America. Titled* ***'Hot Tonight'*** *it was produced by* ***Kevin Beamish*** *at* Sound City Studios *in Los Angeles. The full track listing is:*

Side One: ***'Wait For The Night', 'Are You Hot Tonight?', 'Die For Love'*** *and* ***'Towers Of Silver'.***

Side Two: ***'Don't Look Back', 'In Anger', 'Nightmare', 'Lives In A Dream', 'Another Crazy Dream'*** *and* ***'Dangerous Game'.***

As yet, no UK release has been scheduled. However, it's hoped that the LP will be out here during late October.

Lionheart recently filmed a video for their current (and first) US single 'Die For Love' with director ***Nick Tomkin*** *at Brooklands race track in Weybridge and the Holloway Sanatorium. It features* ***Rik Mayall*** *(of* ***'The Young Ones'*** *fame); he plays the part of a mad professor-cum-war-criminal who kidnaps an innocent gal, spiriting her away to his South American hideout. Needless to say, the rockin' Lion Cubs come to her rescue, wielding machine guns and guitars.*

On the live front, 'Heart plan to undertake a full American tour as support act to ***REO Speedwagon*** *in the near future. As yet, the band haven't recruited a full-time drummer; former* ***Leo Sayer*** *sticksman* ***Bob Jenkins*** *plays on the album.*

Pictured left to right are: ***Chad Brown*** *(vocalist),* ***Rocky Newton*** *(bass/backing vocals), 'nurse', Mayall,* ***Steve Mann*** *(guitar/backing vocals) and* ***Dennis Stratton*** *(guitar/backing vocals).*

Pic Ray Palmer

■ **QUEENSRŸCHE** HAVE just put out their debut single on the *EMI America* label. It's titled **'Take Hold Of The Flame'**, taken from **'The Warning'** album. The B-side is **'Nightrider'** from the **'Queen Of The Reich'** EP.

■ **DIO** ISSUE a new single through the *Vertigo* label on September 21. Available in seven inch and 12" formats, both feature **'Mystery'** on the A-side with **'Eat Your Heart Out'** (live) on the flip. The latter also contains a live version of **'Don't Talk To Strangers'**. The live cuts were recorded at **Washington Spokane Coliseum** during July.

The seven inch will include a limited edition laminated, commemorative 'tour pass', whilst the 12" will carry a limited edition poster.

■ DESPITE RECENT announcements (see *Mayhem* last issue), keyboardsman **Mark Stanway** (now with **Grand Slam**) won't be appearing with **Magnum** during their forthcoming three night stint at **London Marquee Club** September 20-22. At the time of going to press, it wasn't known who would be drafted into the Birmingham band's line-up.

■ **THE LONDON PLANETARIUM** is currently presenting a special show titled **'Laser Rush II'**. This is a special light show designed to accompany Rush's recent **'Grace Under Pressure'** album.

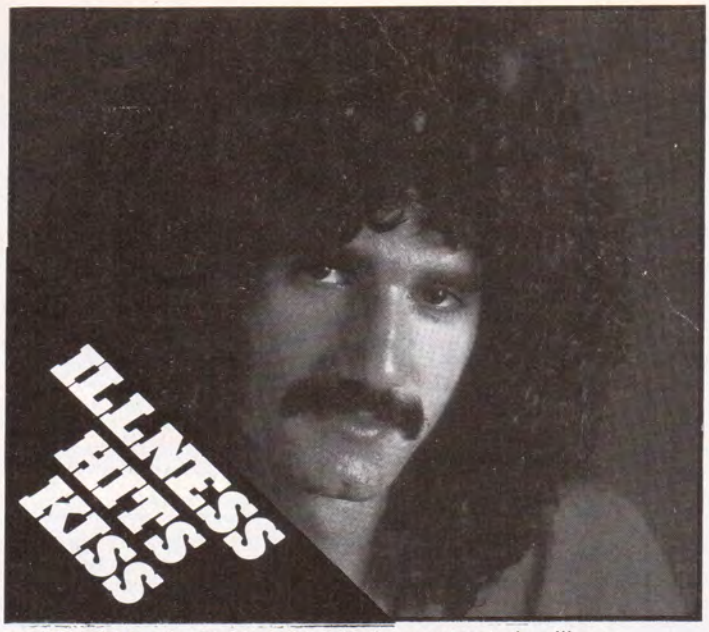
Each performance lasts for one hour and there are three shows nightly at 6.00pm/7.30pm/9.00pm. 'Laser Rush II' (a follow-up to a similar event put on for the 'Signals' LP during late 1982) is held every Thursday, Friday and Saturday; it's expected to run until early October. Admission prices are £2.75 (adults), £2.25 (students) and £1.75 (under-16s).

In the meantime, *Vertigo* have re-issued the band's recent 10" red vinyl single **'The Body Electric'** in 12" black vinyl form. See issue 69 for review.

WORKING MAN

■ ***JEFF BECK*** *(above) is presently putting the finishing touches to his latest album with producer* ***Nile Rodgers*** *in Florida. Tentatively titled* ***'Get Workin''****, it's likely to be issued worldwide on the Epic label next January.*

As yet the track listing hasn't been finalised. However, it's expected that a version of ***Curtis Mayfield****'s classic* ***'People Get Ready'*** *(with* ***Rod Stewart*** *on vocals,* ***Carmine Appice*** *on drums and* ***Duane Hutchins*** *on synthesisers) will make the final running order. This particular song was cut at a studio in Los Angeles prior to Beck beginning work with Rodgers.*



■ *NEW* ***KISS*** *guitarist* ***Mark St. John*** *has contracted an illness known medically as Reiter syndrome. Sufferers usually show symptoms of urethritis, conjunctivitis and arthritis as well as skin lesions in the region of the palms of the hand and heel.*

St. John apparently has difficulty moving his left hand and is also unable to walk without crutches due to his right leg, knee and achilles heel all being affected.

In the majority of cases, the disease spontaneously *disappears after a period of several weeks, though victims are susceptible to a recurrence within a decade of it first being contracted. The guitarist is, however, undergoing daily therapy (whirlpool baths, etc) for a couple of hours.*

*What this means in practical rock 'n' roll terms is that St. John will miss at least part of the band's forthcoming European trek. His replacement on a temporary basis is ex-****Blackjack*** *guitarist* ***Bruce Kulick*** *(pictured above), brother of* ***Bob****, who is being coached and guided at present by St. John. According to* ***Paul Stanley****: "we wanted someone with as much hair as us!"*

At the time of going to press, it's not known whether the ailing guitarist will be fit enough to take his rightful place in the Kiss ranks for the UK tour, which opens at the ***Brighton Centre*** *on September 30.*

In the meantime, the outfit recently shot a video for their current single ***'Heaven's On Fire'*** *in Los Angeles, and despite his condition, St. John does appear.*

■ **WRATHCHILD** HAVE signed an American record deal with *RCA*. It's unlikely, though, that any product will be issued in the USA before early next year.

The band have added the following dates to their forthcoming schedule: **London Fooberts** October 4, **Norwich Whites** 5.

■ **LEE AARON** has just issued a four-track 12" single on the *Music For Nations* label. The A-side features an edited version of **'Metal Queen'**, whilst the other songs included are: **'Head Above Water'** (re-mixed by **Paul Gross**), **'We Will Be Rockin"** (edited and re-mixed by Gross) and **'Nightriders'** (recorded live at the El Mocambo in Toronto on April 26, 1984).

This single will only be available in the UK.

■ **SPIDER** HAVE parted company with *A&M Records*. According to a spokesperson for the band: "it was a mutual decision. We've already had offers from two other labels and intend to sign a new deal soon."

■ FORMER **STATUS QUO** drummer **John Coghlan** has put together a new band called **Partners In Crime**. It features ex-**Moon/Jody Street** vocalist **Noel McCalla**, guitarist **Ray Majors** (previously with **Mott The Hoople** and **British Lions**), keyboardsman **Mark Booty** (formerly with **Wildlife**) and bassist **Mac McCassery**. The outfit have just signed a deal with *Epic* and issue their debut single, **'Hold On'**, during mid-October.

■ GERMAN/BRITISH/AMERICAN conglomerate **Victory** have signed a worldwide deal (excluding Japan) with the *Epic* label. Their debut album is expected out next January. Likely to be titled **'Lookin' For Action'**, it was produced by **Ric Browde** at Horus Studios in Hanover and mixed by **Michael Wagener** at Total Access Studios in California.

Although the track listing has yet to be finalised, it's expected that a selection will be made from the following songs: **'The Hunter'**, **'On The Run'**, **'Don't Count On Me'**, **'I'm Down'** (penned by **Lennon & McCartney**), **'Gonna Be Trouble'**, **'Chicks On Display'**, **'Wreck Man'**, **'Some Women Ain't Easy'**, **'Red Alert'**, **'Never Gonna Leave Again'** and **'Got You On The Tip Of My Tongue'**.

A video for the song 'Chicks On Display' is to be filmed in the near future. Although no director has been chosen as yet, talks are presently taking place with a major media personality 'never previously associated with rock 'n' roll'.

The five-piece, whose line-up is **Charlie Huhn** (lead vocals/guitar – previously with **Gary Moore** and **Ted Nugent**), **John Lockton** (lead guitar – ex-**Wild Horses**) plus three former members of German act **Fargo**, *viz* **Peter Knorn** (bass)/ **Tommy Newton** (guitar/vocals)/ **Bernie Graaf** (drums), hope to start work on their second album at a British studio within the next couple of months. Some UK dates may also be scheduled before the end of the year.

■ **BIG COUNTRY** issue a new single through the *Phonogram* label on September 21. Available in seven inch and 12" formats, both feature **'East Of Eden'** on the A-side with a cover version of the **Roxy Music** song **'Prairie Rose'** on the flip. The tracks were produced by **Steve Lillywhite** at Polar Studios in Stockholm and are a taster for the band's forthcoming, as yet untitled, second album.

In the meantime, Big Country have announced a further series of seven British shows in December, following the ticket demand for their October tour (see *Tour Dates* issue 75 for full details). The December dates are: **Birmingham NEC** 10, **Brighton Conference Centre** 11, **London Wembley Arena** 14, **Glasgow Apollo** 21, **Aberdeen Capitol Theatre** 22, **Dundee Caird Hall** 23, **Edinburgh Playhouse** 24.

Tickets are available now priced at £6/£5, except in Glasgow where they are £5 and London (£7/£6). These can be obtained from the respective box offices and usual agents. In addition, postal applications are being accepted for Wembley Arena. Cheques/POs, made out to **'Big Country Box Office'**, should be sent to: **Big Country Box Office, PO Box 77, London SW4 9LH**. An SAE plus a booking fee of 30p should be enclosed.

■ A NEW six-piece band called **Venture** has just been formed featuring ex-**Geddes Axe** drummer **John Burke**, keyboardsman **Mike Railton** (brother of **Marseille** guitarist **Mark**), vocalist **Robert Casserley** (formerly with **Sweet Savage**), bassist **Peter Earle** and guitarists **Ian Gosling/Oliver Wright**. The group's affairs are being handled by DJ **Neal Kaye**.

WAYSTE DISPOSAL

■ ***WAYSTED*** *have parted company with guitarist* ***Neil Shepherd****. His replacement is former* ***Lone Star/UFO*** *man* ***Paul Chapman*** *(above). Apparently, Shepherd's musical style didn't fit in with the band's approach.*

Chapman's arrival brings Waysted's ex-UFO quota up to three; he joins ***Pete Way*** *(bass) plus* ***Andy Parker*** *(drums).*

MORE OVER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

■ **WISHBONE ASH** have just completed work on their new album with producer **Nigel Gray** at Surrey Sound Studios. Tentatively titled **'Sour Fame'**, it should be out early in 1985.

The quartet (guitarists **Laurie Wisefield** and **Andy Powell**, drummer **Steve Upton** plus bassist/vocalist **Mervyn Spence**) have now signed a new recording deal with German company *Metronome*; as yet there are no details on which UK label will be putting out the LP.

A full British tour is expected to take place during next February. In the meantime, they embark on a three week tour of France on September 21.

■ **DAVID BOWIE** issues a new album through *EMI America* on September 24. Titled **'Tonight'**, it was co-produced by Bowie, **Derek Bramble** and **Hugh Padgham** in Canada. The full track listing is: **'Blue Jean'** (composed by Bowie), **'Dancing With The Boys'** (Bowie/**Iggy Pop**/**Carlos Alomar**), **'Loving The Alien'** (Bowie), **'I Keep Forgetting'** (**Leiber/Stoller**), **'Don't Look Down'** (Iggy Pop), **'God Only Knows'** (**Brian Wilson**), **'Tonight'** (Bowie/Iggy – this features a guest appearance from **Tina Turner**), **'Tumble & Twirl'** (Bowie/Iggy) and **'Neighbourhood Threat'** (Bowie/Iggy).

A single, 'Blue Jean' b/w 'Dancing With The Big Boys', has also been put out (see review this issue). A video for the former song was recently filmed in London with director **Julian Temple**. A 20 minute version of the video is also being prepared for possible commercial release.

The musicians on the project are Alomar (guitars), Bramble (bass/guitar/synthesiser), **Carmine Rojas** (bass), **Sammy Figueroa** (percussion), **Omar Hakim** (drums), **Guy St. Onge** (marimba), **Robin Clark/George Simms/Curtis King** (vocals), **Stanley Harrison** (alto sax/tenor sax), **Steve Elson** (baritone sax) and **Lenny Pickett** (tenor sax/clarinet). All strings and synthesisers were arranged/conducted by **Arif Mardin**.

The cover art work was designed by **Mick Haggerty**, the man responsible for the 'Let's Dance' sleeve.

■ **BILLY IDOL** issues a new single through *Chrysalis* on September 21. It's titled **'Flesh For Fantasy'** b/w **'Blue Highway'**. There will also be a 12" version featuring 'an amazingly crucial' mix of 'Flesh . . .'.

■ THE **COCKNEY REJECTS** have now decided not to work with producer **Leo Lyons** on their new album (see *Mayhem* issue 75). Apparently, this decision was brought about by personal disagreements between the band and Lyons.

The group are now working with producer **Gary Edwards** (whose previous credits include **Box Of Frogs** and the **Sex Pistols**) at Matrix Studios in London; **Pete Way** is acting as executive producer.

Titled **'Rock On The Wild Side'**, the LP is expected out on the *Heavy Metal* label during late October.

In the meantime, bassist **Vince Riordan** has now left the band. It's expected that guitarist **Micky Geggus** will handle all bass duties on the opus.

■ THE **KINKS** have parted company with drummer **Mick Avory** after a 20 year association. Apparently, the split is amicable and was caused by Avory's desire to give up touring. He's been replaced by former **Argent** man **Rob Henrit**.

The new line-up is presently recording at Konk Studios in London under the production guidance of guitarist/vocalist **Ray Davies**. The results should be out in album form on the *Arista* label within the next few months.

■ **JEFFERSON STARSHIP** founder-member **Paul Kantner** (guitars/vocals) has decided to take a 'sabbatical' from the band. Whether he will ever rejoin their ranks remains open to speculation.

In the meantime, the Starship are currently touring America in the wake of the success enjoyed by their current album, **'Nuclear Furniture'**.

■ **'DANGEROUS MUSIC'**, the debut album from **Robin George**, will now be issued on the *Bronze* label next January. See *Mayhem* issue 76 for full details.

■ MANSFIELD QUARTET **Savage** have now signed a recording deal with *Zebra*. The first fruits of this liaison will be a three-track 12" single due for release in the next couple of months. The A-side will feature **'We Got The Edge'**, though the songs on the flip have yet to be decided. All numbers are being produced by the band at Flexible Response Studios in Bradford.

■ **PET HATE** have just begun work on their second album with famed American producer **Eddie Leonetti** (who has worked with **Angel**, **Artful Dodger**, **1994**, **Moxy** and **Rex**). Recording is being done at The Cottage (Macclesfield), with mixing scheduled to take place at Revolution Studios (Manchester). As yet untitled, the LP is expected out on the *FM* label during November.

■ **JIM DANDY** issues his **'Ready As Hell'** album in the UK on *Heavy Metal America* during late October. See issue 74 for review.

ON THE PROWL

■ *AFTER A long period of inactivity, the **Tygers Of Pan Tang** are back in the recording studio working on new material. The current line-up features vocalist **Jon Deverill** (above), guitarists **Fred Purser** and **Mark Proctor** (the latter was previously with the **Jess Cox Band**) and bassist **Colin Irwin** (ex-**Warrior**); no announcement has yet been made concerning the drummer being used on the sessions. Furthermore, there are no details on which studio is being used, who is producing the project or which label will release any resulting vinyl product.*

WHEELER DEALER

■ ***REO SPEEDWAGON** issue their latest album on the* Epic *label during early October. Now titled **'Wheels Are Turnin' '**, it was co-produced by band members **Kevin Cronin** (vocals/guitar – above, extreme right), **Gary Richrath** (guitar/vocals – above, second from left) and **Alan Gratzer** (drums – above, centre)/engineered by **David Devore** at Rumbo Studios in Los Angeles. The full track listing is:*

Side One: ***'I Do' Wanna Know'** (written by Cronin), **'One Lonely Night'** (written by keyboardsman **Neal Doughty** – above, second from right), **'Thru The Window'** (**Jeff Hall** and bassist **Bruce Hall** – above, extreme left), **'Rock 'N' Roll Star'** (Cronin/Richrath/**Tom Kelly**) and **'Live Every Moment'** (Cronin).*

Side Two: ***'Can't Fight This Feeling'** (Cronin), **'Gotta Feel More'** (Richrath/Cronin/Kelly), **'Break His Spell'** (Richrath), **'Cold Heartbeat'** (Richrath) and **'Wheels Are Turnin' '** (Cronin).*

■ WELSH BAND **Samurai** have signed a deal with *Ebony Records*. The band begin work on their debut album, **'Sacred Blade'**, during September with producer **Darryl Johnston** at Ebony Studios in Hull. It has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Fires Of Hell'**, **'I've Got What You Need'**, **'Rock Steady'** and **'Dreams Of The World'**.

Side Two: **'Fire In Your Eyes'**, **'Survivor'**, **'Gonna Rock Tonight'** and **'Hold On'**.

The LP is expected to be released during late October/early November. The band's line-up is **Huw Lewis/Craig Rifdale** (lead guitars), **Len Williams** (vocals), **Neil Rogers** (bass) and **Michael Davis** (drums).

NEW RISK

■ ***PERSIAN RISK** have added a second guitarist to their line-up. He's 25-year-old **Phil Volkins** (above), who has previously worked with **Bill Ward**.*

■ SWEDISH BAND **Europe** have recruited drummer **Ian Haugland** and keyboardsman **Greg Michaell**. They join vocalist **Joey Tempest**, guitarist **John Norum** and bassist **John Leven**.

■ *WARNER BROTHERS* have just issued three early **ZZ Top** albums previously only available on import. These are: **'ZZ Top'** (the band's debut LP, first put out in 1970), **'Rio Grande Mud'** (released in 1972) and **'Tejas'** (1974).

■ GERMAN BAND **Eloy** issue their latest album through the *Heavy Metal Worldwide* label on September 24. Titled **'Metromania'**, it was produced by vocalist **Frank Bornemann** at Horus Sound Studios in Hanover. The full track listing is:

Side One: **'Escape To The Heights'**, **'Seeds Of Creation'**, **'All Life Is One'** and **'The Stranger'**.

Side Two: **'Follow The Light'**, **'Nightriders'** and **'Metromania'**.

The band hope to tour the UK during October.

■ **FRANK ZAPPA** has signed a deal with *EMI*. His first release is to be a double album titled **'Them & Us'**, to be issued during late September.

Zappa has also added another show at **London Hammersmith Odeon** on September 25 to his European tour itinerary.

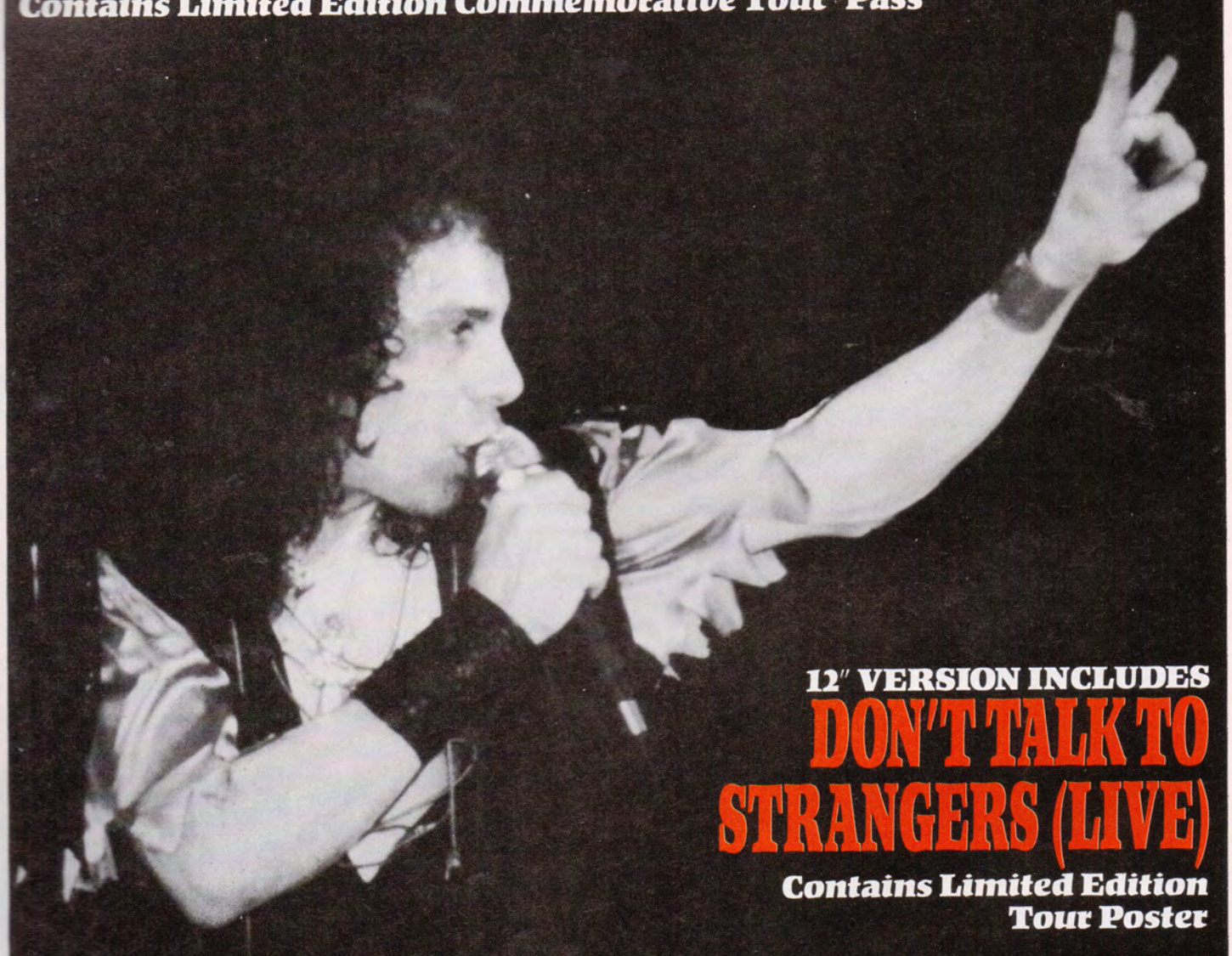
★ U.K. TOUR SPECIAL RELEASE ★ U.K. TOUR SPECIAL RELEASE ★

DIO

7" VERSION

MYSTERY b/w EAT YOUR HEART OUT (LIVE)

Contains Limited Edition Commemorative Tour 'Pass'



12" VERSION INCLUDES

DON'T TALK TO STRANGERS (LIVE)

Contains Limited Edition Tour Poster

UK TOUR 1984

8th SEPT:	VICTORIA HALL, HANLEY
10th SEPT:	GAUMONT THEATRE, IPSWICH
11th SEPT:	GUILD HALL, PORTSMOUTH
12th SEPT:	ST. DAVIDS HALL, CARDIFF
14th SEPT:	COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL
15th SEPT:	CORNWALL COLISEUM, ST. AUSTELL
16th SEPT:	APOLLO THEATRE, OXFORD
18th/19th SEPT:	ODEON THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM
20th SEPT:	ROYAL CONCERT HALL, NOTTINGHAM
22nd SEPT:	PLAYHOUSE THEATRE, EDINBURGH
23rd SEPT:	APOLLO THEATRE, GLASGOW
24th SEPT:	CAPITOL THEATRE, ABERDEEN
26th SEPT:	CITY HALL, NEWCASTLE
27th SEPT:	CITY HALL, HULL
28th SEPT:	EMPIRE THEATRE, LIVERPOOL
30th SEPT:	APOLLO THEATRE, MANCHESTER
1st OCT:	CITY HALL, SHEFFIELD
2nd OCT:	DE MONTFORT HALL, LEICESTER
4th/5th/6th OCT:	ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH

VERTIGO

Pic Tony Mottram

*UNABLE TO fight the strange disease that is slowly turning **Malcolm Dome** into **Kenny Rogers**, the* Kerrang! *staff, at their wits end, have taken to wrapping bandages around his head to hide the greying hair and sprouting beard. Next episode: Doctor Doom is approached in the forest by a wolf on the way to grandma's house. Stay tuned . . .*

MIKE MONROE: Rockin' love

HELLO YOUNG lovers wherever you are! Even if you're down at seedy **Dickson**ian hangout Valley Of The Dolls, which is where *VFTB* spotted **Kim McAuliffe** and **Mike Monroe** falling all over each other in a definite *Mills & Boone*ish fashion. Mike had fallen in from the Marquee, where **Xavier Russell** had been complimenting him on his fine impersonation of **Mötley Crüe**'s **Vince Neil**. And Kim – well, it looks like the lovely girl(school) has really fallen, cooing "I'm in love" more than is healthy for a hotblooded female! Even going so far as to refer to MM as "the perfect man"! So, why did we just happen to bump into him several times in the ladies' room, eh? Eh?!

Meanwhile, **Razzle** was doing a grand job upholding the traditions of manhood by striding around in a *tres* unglam outfit consisting of bleached jeans, cut-off denim jacket and *Doctor Martens*. We shall henceforth, out of respect, refer to the group as **Hanoi Docs** . . .

Great band, though, and the same can be said for **Johnny Thunders And The Heartbreakers** who were providing the musical entertainment to all the goings-on at Valley Of The Dolls – **Nasty Suicide** looking cool, and **Howard Johnson** looking for the exit when the awning fell down on the audience during 'Personality Crisis'. JT and the boys had just got back from playing Estonia in the Soviet Union where the Thought Police had hauled them in for wandering around looking "weird" (or the Russian language equivalent thereof). The band got paid for their gigs in caviar and vodka, as it's impossible to take cash out of the country.

WHETHER **GIRLSCHOOL** will get paid in Tandoori chickens when they play in India in October remains to be seen, but the way things are going even a stale onion bahji between them would probably go down like a Screwdriver in the Sahara. Their manager's come up with the bright idea of putting them on a five-week total fitness course to make up for the years of good unhealthy living and partying to excess. There'll be daily swimming, jogging, health food, grooming and aerobics. What flying ballpens have got to do with it we at *VFTB* don't know! We drink to their success.

Meanwhile, **Jackie Bodimead** is managing to sit it out on the sidelines, suffering from some exotic disease brought on by one of the massive anti-everything jabs the girls have been taking in preparation for their trip to India.

SINEW BEEN gone: **Wendy O. Williams** has been upping her daily workout quota in preparation for a wrestling match against **Cyndi Lauper**. The muscular WOW challenged diminutive Cyndi to the contest after getting peeved at seeing the singer use stuntwomen during the physical stuff on her video. Talking of Cyndis, **Paul Suter** would like to make a disclaimer. Here it is. "I don't know **Cindy Valentine**," disclaimed Paul Suter. "She's the only female Canadian singer I don't know." Suterstar gallantly made sure that thousands of slavering males across the world don't get to know **Lee Aaron** too well either – he successfully 'confiscated' a topless photo session done with the gal by a '*Playboy*' photographer.

WHO WEARS 500 t-shirts and can't count past ten? That's exactly what police in Retford would like to know. While **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts** were playing at the Porterhouse, someone broke into the dressing room and nicked all their T-shirts and merchandising and Dumpy's pocket calculator. Bands intending to play there are warned to bring a guard dog, as we've heard security is less than watertight.

WE'VE HEARD of dunking biscuits, but flushing croissants down the toilet? Just some of *le rock and roll* shennanigans *chez* Heavy Pettin in the hotel after Frog HM Breaking Wind festival. There was a motorcycle in the foyer, someone tried to park a truck in the swimming pool, extinguishers were let off, a lock was broken, and a television flew out of a fifth floor window. A certain *Sounds* reviewer almost jumped out after it when **Derek Oliver**, posing as a *gendarme*, put on ze Franch accsante, called his hotel room, and threatened to haul him off to le clink if he refused to pay for damages.

THERE ARE some of us here who *truly believe* that the earth shakes whenever **David Coverdale** walks by. Including half a million Japanese, or however many there are, who along with **Whitesnake** got caught in a big earthquake – seven on the Richter scale – the other week. The band had just finished doing the first of a series of open-air HM festivals there with the likes of **Michael Schenker**, the **Scorpions**, **Bon Jovi** and **Anvil**, and were kipping in their 12th-floor room when the rumble took place. The band were reported to be "shaken but not stirred".

Which is how lensman **Pete Cronin** likes his – as witnessed the other day up in Newcastle, where he went to shoot **Tysondog**. He got so out of his noodle that when they deposited him outside his hotel the poor lad managed to wander five miles down the road, zigzag fashion, ending up slumped against St Mary's lighthouse.

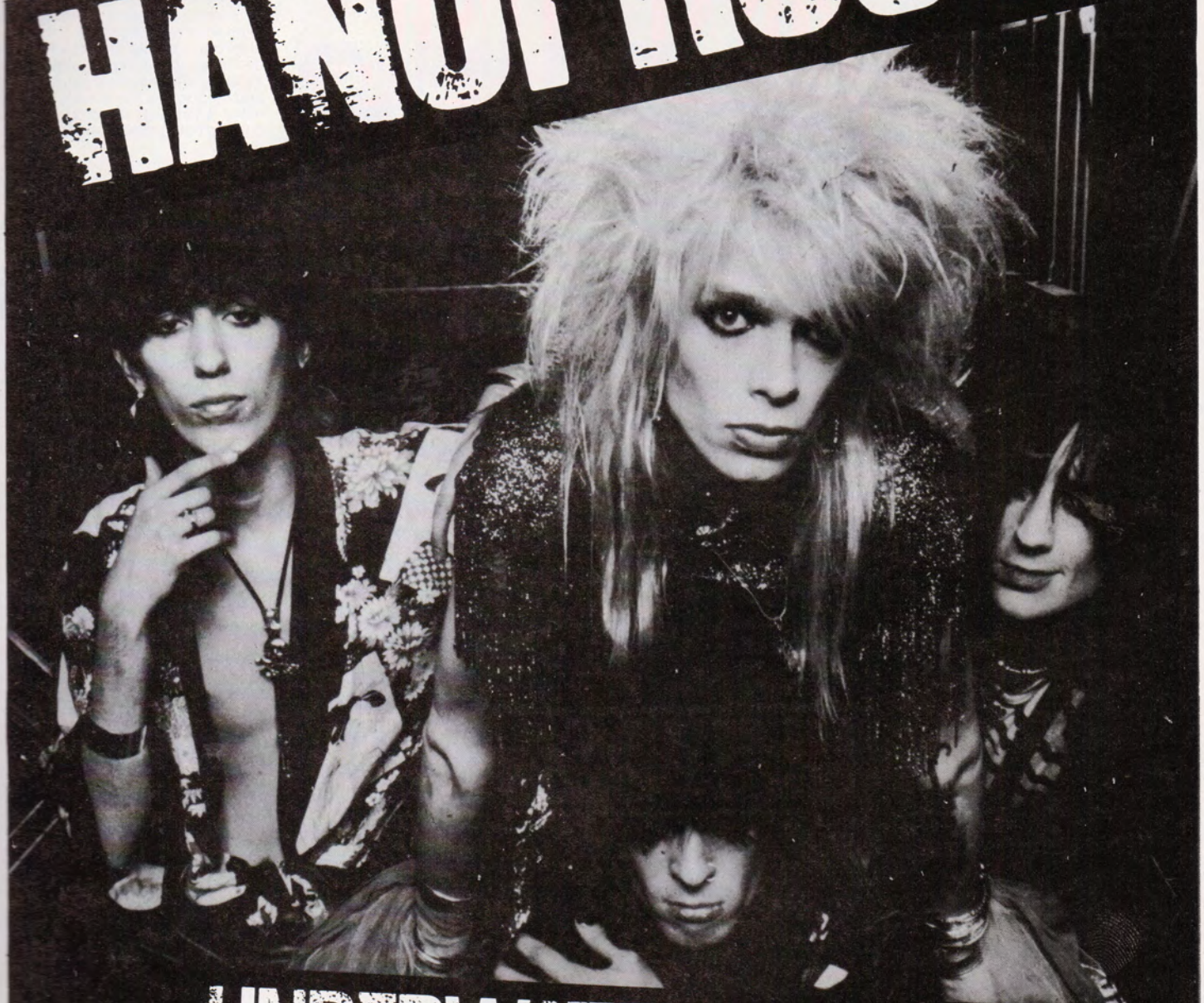
MICHAEL SCHENKER is planning to solve his vocalist problem – **Ray Kennedy**'s problem? Supposedly he was having so much fun on the road that he forgot the words onstage in Japan! – by having several of them guest-singing on his next studio album. Names like **Klaus Meine**, **Steve Marriott**, **Steven Tyler**, **Phil Mogg** and other assorted superstars have come up, though no word yet on whether they – or Schenker's record company – will go along with the idea.

WHAT IS this? View from the Suterstar?! *Another Suterian disclaimer, this time about the reference to German band **Axe Victim**'s bassist being a girl. When Suter referred to said person as* male *in his album review (issue 74), the rest of the staff took one look at the picture, another look at the name – **Holly George** – and quickly altered the gender. Which didn't amuse Holly – short for **Holgar**, a nice butch German name – one little bit. "For a bloke he's got lovely tits," shrugged an unidentified source at the office. He/she is pictured above, second from the right. Well, whaddya think?!*

THREE IN 3-D! Kerrang! becomes the first UK rock magazine to publish photos in glorious 3-D. Grab issues 78-80 before they grab you . . .

MORE VIEW FROM THE BAR ON PAGE 37

HANOI ROCKS



UNDERWATER WORLD

THE NEW 7" & 3 TRACK 12"

CBS

ALBUMS

ROYAL FLUSH...

QUEENSRYCHE
'The Warning'
(EMI America EJ 2402201)

NOT BAD guv, not too bad at all. . .

A lot of people have been waiting for this album, some I fear with boots raised to strike a blow against a band who have already achieved more than many of their competitors will manage during their entire careers. They might as well start kicking their own heels now, though, because 'The Warning' more than lives up to expectations despite the undignified rush that marked its completion.

Queensrÿche are definitely an Heavy Metal band, as opposed to iron-fisted hard rockers, but an Heavy Metal band far removed from the norm. Their approach is dramatic, even bombastic in places, but intensely melodic and coherent; sure, riffola is riffola but Queensrÿche's compositions encompass a whole lot more than merciless Metal might.

This is a proud album, exhibiting a maturity you wouldn't expect from a bunch of fresh-faced youths who look in the flesh like a handful of kids just escaped from the audience and on the verge of politely asking for an autograph (*yours I suppose—Ed*). Geoff Tate excepted, of course, but after his heroic vocal performance here, he's going to get asked for *his* autograph rather a lot. . .

Criticisms? Yes, I can manage a couple! For starters, in places the production and remix tend to fall over themselves somewhat, resulting in a temporary disruption in the flow of the material. And occasionally Geoff's intensely stylised vocals are a little much to get a grip on too – a quibble that may fade with familiarity I concede – but overall there's damn all to moan about.

The band's approach on the album is several steps on from the 'Queen Of The Reich' EP without disowning it, and one track in particular, 'No Sanctuary', marks the connection with particular emphasis. As a result, fans of the Queensrÿche we have already heard should be more than satisfied, whilst their numbers should increase markedly over the coming months.

It's a broad-based record, despite the typecasting that the track titles suggest. There's mucho Metal from the guitars of Chris de Garmo and Michael Wilton, whilst drummer Scott Rockenfield and bassist Eddie Jackson stoke the furnace and Geoff Tate soars majestically above it all. It sounds like a recipe for another Judas Priest album, but boy oh boy, is it something else entirely. . .

It's a shade redundant to try and narrate the course of the tracks, since as often as not it's the subtle, indescribable nuances that give them their special character. But the consistently melodic overtones that mix with the band's burning power are the critical element that singles this five-piece out from the pack. Only on 'NM156' does the whole concept get turned around

The cassette cover of the new Queensrÿche album

to any substantial degree, the Metal power still coming through but playing a complementary role to the dangerous, tense delivery, culminating in an adrenalin-crazed guitar break that's several steps removed from Cliché City.

The album's epic is 'Roads To Madness', a lengthy piece that closes the record. Rising from a slow, dramatic opening, it takes some novel turns, moving from thoughtful gentility to high drama and then beyond in classical style, eventually reaching a furious, racing conclusion. There are more ideas contained in this one track than in the entire duration of most of the albums you'll hear this year.

'Take Hold Of The Flame' has to be the album's peak, though, a majestic Metal burn-up of colossal power built on a scorching riff from de Garmo and Wilton, with Tate pulling out some incredible vocals along the way. In fact, it's grade A Metal from beginning to end – eventful and thoughtful rather than predictable and clichéd.

I don't want to damn the record with extravagant praise, however, and should perhaps simply conclude that it's a damn good Metal album. . . but I can't help pointing out that there's something rather more here if you care to discover it. Of course, if you don't, fine. . . here's a damn good Metal album for you, my man. . .

PAUL SUTER

NAZARETH
'The Catch'
(Vertigo VERL20)

ALRIGHT, NAME me one *great* Nazz album! You can't, can you? The unbridled truth is that, whilst the Scots have often raised the stereo temperature to near melting point (witness 'Razamanaz' and 'Hair Of The Dog'), they've only ever shadow-boxed with greatness.

14 years and some 17 albums on from their seedling days, Nazareth's music has the same quality as the fading sunlight on a January afternoon – it simply wilts and disappears too quickly from view. 'The Catch' doesn't change those circumstances even one stroke. . .

Electronically geared up to modern technological demands, this is an album of hope left gracelessly unfulfilled. Quite frankly, all the right elements have been locked onto 'hold', but rarely do they take flight at the same time. Consequently, one is forced to reap a very carefully selected harvest.

Right, let's hit the groove button. 'Party Down' should have an oven ready texture, yet confuses itself by getting bogged down in a sub-Yes maze; Dan McCafferty even manages to sound like Jon Anderson *after* the steroid injections.

'Ruby Tuesday', however, is rather more potent. The current single (and a cover of the Jagger/Richard belter), it shifts some serious sweat-box action. It's a shame really that things peak so early with the aforementioned sweet li'l 'Ruby. . .'.

Witness 'Last Exit Brooklyn', a cruiser bruiser that doesn't quite make it off the freeway before running out of juice, despite some nifty bass shifts from Pete Agnew. Witness 'Love Of Fredom', (obviously overly influenced by Big Country), which, whilst successfully evoking the atmosphere of a sagging, sallow sunset dipping its wings into the crustily cantakerous eye of a typical highland storm, catches your attention but, like most other cuts here, fails to hold it.

So it goes on and on and on. . .

'This Month's Messiah' offers some cynical jabs at the *papier-maché* genre of latter day heroes. Yet the musical arrangement is too stiff and lacking in tightness around the waist to drive McCafferty's barbs into warm flesh.

'Sweetheart Tree', like 'Ruby Tuesday', comes across well and is probably the only other wholly successful number contained herein. You wanna know why? Because there are no lofty ambitions hung on the line. This is a straightforward rock 'n' rolllin' slash that actually does gash.

And therein lies the rub. If the band had contented themselves here with a more limited production, relying on basic Nazz principles, then I've a feeling that much praise would be deservedly heaped onto the final vinyl. *All* the elements are present.

However, by stretching across the abyss and attempting to shake hands with immortality, Nazareth have overdone nearly everything to their own detriment. Thus, what might have been a thoroughly impressive album has ended up sounding only partially successful. Nazareth are still only shadow-boxing with greatness.

MALCOLM DOME

MORE REVIEWS PAGE 10

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ALBUMS

FROM PAGE 8

KISS
'Animalize'
(Vertigo VERL 18)

KISS HAVE reached something of a crux in their career. In a sense they've already played their trump card by removing their make-up, at last revealing to the world what they actually look like (and what an ugly bunch of bastards they turned out to be!). The mystique is gone and what we're left with is the bare bones of a band who are now being asked to prove themselves as musicians and songwriters instead of comic-book characters.

'Animalize' is a good album, of that let there be no doubt. The question is, however, is it good *enough*?

It's not sufficient at this juncture, I'm afraid, to view this album divorced from its context. We must take a broader perspective on this one . . .

Ticket sales on Kiss' last tour were undoubtedly helped by the band's decision to doff the make-up; curiosity value counts for a lot. But now that that curiosity has been sated and Kiss have run out of gimmicks (or at least ones to match that!), it's back to basics, back to the rock 'n' roll.

Admittedly, I've never been Kiss' most ardent, vociferous supporter though I would grant that they're one of the most entertaining live acts I've ever come across and, on that basis alone, I would like to see them succeed. Now, far be it from me to suggest what a band of this stature *should* be doing at this time, but I will venture what I would *like* to see Kiss doing. And that is: finding themselves a new direction and attempting to expand their audience before they peter into obscurity. They've already suffered setbacks in the States and they now need to hold on to and re-build their support in Europe.

I'm not suggesting another '. . . Elder', but I feel that Kiss need to show some positive signs that they are still a viable force. Nothing too drastic, just a couple of tracks to indicate that they still have a few aces up their sleeves. Instead, what we get on 'Animalize' is the standard fodder, which in itself, as I said earlier, is fine but is it enough? The nine tracks here are all good but not one of them is particularly *great*.

'I've Had Enough (Into The Fire)' and 'Under The Gun' ensure that sides one and two respectively get off to furious, rip-roaring starts, and the tracks that follow rarely let the pace slacken off. But, like a dog and his new trick, you can watch and be amused and entertained for a while, but eventually you're forced to ask yourself: 'Yeah, well, OK, but so what?' Or even: 'Fine, great, but is there *anything else*?' And in the case of 'Animalize' the answer, sadly, is 'no!'

I'd hate to be the one to sound the death-knell on a band as great as Kiss but, in my opinion, unless they can come up with some material with considerably more spark than is present here then their days may well be numbered.

Which is a depressing thing to say, especially considering the help that Paul Stanley and Gene Simmons have roped in on this one. First off there's Desmond Child, who not only co-wrote (again, in my opinion) Kiss' best ever track, 'I Was Made For Loving You', but also recorded two exquisite albums with a group of three girl singers called Rouge. But, unfortunately, not even Child's innate sense of melody seems to be able to do much with the, at times, all-too-basic rifferama going on around him.

And then there's Jean Beauvoir, former Plasmatics' bassist, who really ought to be able to co-pen some serious bone-crunchers, but here his touch never moves beyond the level of competence. Even the album's best cut, 'Lonely Is The Hunter', can't really stand alongside former Kiss glories.

'Competence' is the key word here; this is a *competent* album, but it lacks fire, and in a way it lacks a sense of style and individuality . . . essentially, it's *just* another Kiss album and I wanted a lot more than that.

It's sad, very sad, and I'm sorry to have to be the one to break it to you, but I just don't think Kiss have done enough on this album to sustain themselves. Their time is running short and, good as 'Animalize' is, it really needed to be a whole lot more.

The tour is going to have to be an out-and-out KILLER!

DAVE DICKSON

ANIMAL MAGIC?

Pic Ross Halfin

KISS' PAUL STANLEY: well, he *likes it anyway. . .*

WAYSTED
'Waysted'
(Music For Nations MFN 31)

ALRIGHT! PULL the shutters, slide the bolts, dish out the *Special Brews* and TURN IT UP! Yessirree, Waysted are back and, boy, are they *hungry*! Not peckish, but *starving*. Y'know, eye-glarin', nostril-flarin', fang-drippin' hungry. Beware! If you thought the 'Vices' album was snappy, then this'll *chomp ya balls off!*

I must admit, it was good to see that totally lovable lunatic, Pete Way, back on the scene again last year, and 'Vices' was a reasonable introduction for the ex-UFO bassist's new band. But nagging line-up problems and a slightly unsure direction gave them a tentative complexion which denied them full-blooded impact.

Now, one complete overhaul later, Waysted are back in business with this mighty mini-album which is more gutsy, more urgent and much more positive than last year's debut.

First of the fab fivesome is 'Won't Get Out Alive' and, although new boy Neil Shepherd (nabbed from Jess Cox's band and already replaced, it seems – see *Mayhem*) is first to impress with a sprinting guitar solo, I must say it's quite cockle-warming to hear the old UFO rhythm section back in working order, with Way and drummer Andy 'no-neck/no-nonsense' Parker pummelling away energetically.

But that's nothin' compared to 'The Price You Pay', an irresistible romp in the classic Way style. And I don't just mean toe-tappin', but foot-stompin', lip-poutin', fist-shakin', bonce-bobbin', chorus-chantin' rock 'n' roll. The kind ears were made for.

Closing *Side One* is 'Rock Steady', which is just that. Blimey, it's ages since it felt as good as this. This is cruisin', boozin', anything you're choosin' rock 'n' roll. This is Saturday night, bottle-handed, struttin' the town rock 'n' roll. This is *Walkman*-mangling gear.

It's impossible not to notice the odd UFO trait, but as they were one of our best rock bands over the last ten years, I can't see that being a bad thing, can you? Y'see, what Waysted have done is strip the old UFO sound of any unnecessary technical trinketry, send a size nine boot up the 'jacksie' of complacency and steam in with guns a-blazin'.

Sadly, the second side consists of just two songs, but both illustrate just how strong the writing partnership of Way/Fin (vocalist) is becoming. The raspy-voiced frontman complements Waysted's raunchy swagger perfectly.

'Hurts So Good', possibly the most immediate track on show, is my fave. Vaguely reminiscent of the Who, it builds healthily into one of Way's best compositions since 'The Wild, The Willing And The Innocent' days of UFO.

And, finally, there's a warning for all young boys with heroic fantasies in the lengthy 'Cinderella Boys'. A brooding, bluesy sandwich of a gritty gallop, it puts the seal on a top-notch turn-out.

Don't listen to parental prattling kiddies, go getchaself Waysted!

MARK PUTTERFORD

VARIOUS ARTISTS
'Total Destruction'
(Metal Blade MBR 1022 import)

OH YEAH, oh yeah, just what we've all been holding our breath for — a back catalogue compilation of *Metal Blade*'s most 'inspiring' moments! Wowee, I can see hordes of Metal mongers climbing down drainpipes, desperately trading in their prize collection of exotic butterflies and catching the nearest dinghy, sparing no efforts to acquire a copy of 'Total Destruction' . . .

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ANIMALIZE

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5	GLASGOW, Apollo	LEEDS, Queens Hall	13
6	EDINBURGH, Playhouse	LONDON, Wembley Arena	14-15

VERTIGO

ALBUMS

FROM PAGE 10

Ha! In all honesty this is one label that should have been consigned to the incinerator yonks ago. Their decreasingly listenable 'Metal Massacre' series is in itself a good reason to ignore any of the *MB* product.

However, give 'em *some* credit, the company do incredibly possess one or two useful acts. Warlord (represented here by 'Child Of The Damned') and Trouble ('Bastards Will Pay') are well worth checking out, whilst Obsession ('The Execution') are at least competent. As for the rest . . . forget it! Not even the temptation (!) of both Slayer and Bitch slipping in re-mixed tracks ('Die By The Sword'/ 'Be My Slave' respectively) can save this LP from proving an almost complete waste of vinyl.

MALCOLM DOME

KEATS
'Keats'
(EMI 2401741)

AH YES – Keats, the son of a livery stable keeper born in 1795 who went on to write 'Endymion' and 'Hyperion' among other great poetical works and immortal odes. Now it seems his hallowed name has been taken by some hot rhythm combo. It is fortunate that the music they perform hath charms and their lyrics are not entirely lacking in literary merit. For this is a meeting of fine minds, men of sensitivity, blessed with the fruits of learning.

Under the aegis of producer Alan Parsons we find Colin Blunstone, that most melodious of minstrels, young Peter Bardens at the piano, ex-Pilot members Ian Bairnson and David Paton on guitars, and Stuart Elliott, once a Cockney Rebel, on drums.

Actually, it turns out that the name of the band has nothing to do with Keats the poet, but was taken from a restaurant in West Hampstead! Thus readers are spared a mock poetical review. Cries of relief all round.

Keats are all experienced men who have long wanted to make an album as *they* would like to hear it, without bowing to the uncertain trends of the moment. The result is a cool, calm series of songs, beautifully performed. If you're on the look-out for a drop of Maiden or Leppard, then this will leave you frowning with vexation and annoyance. But if your ears encompass the broad mainstreams of rock, then you'll find this a singularly pleasing experience, like bathing in asses' milk or one of *Amway*'s household products.

From the opening salvo of saxophone wails through to Colin's bell-like vocals, the band don't put a foot wrong. Their sound is clean, fresh and tingles like a mountain stream. Echoing guitars fill the air with tragical musings, while the keyboards ring out chimes of jubilation.

The songs cover a gamut of emotions, and most of them sound like hits. 'Tragedy', 'Fight To Win', 'Walking On Ice', 'Night Full Of Voices' – each is a showcase for Colin's vocal skill and the band's musicianship.

A gold-plated, classy album that doth shine like a jewel 'midst the dark, Satanic outpourings of the vile knaves of doom etc, etc.

CHRIS WELCH

JETHRO TULL
'Under Wraps'
(Chrysalis CDL 1461)

RECENTLY, I was driving through London with my car radio on and found it incredibly difficult to get *Radio Four*. Then a voice, loud and clear, boomed above the noise of the traffic and the straining engine. It was *Radio Moscow*, broadcasting cunningly wrought half-truths about British life and politics.

TULL'S IAN ANDERSON: 'all crisp and digital'

Interesting, but it suddenly occurred to me that the *BBC* transmitter was only ten miles away, while Moscow was many miles distant. Are the Beeb still using Mr Marconi's wireless telegraphy equipment, or have their accumulators run down?

Ian Anderson seems to have run up against the same problem, for he has devoted one of his songs on the new Tull album to 'Radio Free Moscow'. But more of that later . . .

Tull are still a powerful, changing force in rock. They can draw audiences at the drop of a flute, but their sound has been updated, with greater emphasis on keyboards, and the drum machine revolution has not gone unobserved down in Tull Land.

I am reviewing this album with the aid of one of those nifty tape copies from *'The Tape Gallery'*, which means that there's no extravagant packaging luxuries like the band's line-up and other assets. So I can only guess that Master Peter-John Vettese, the mad Scotsman, is on keyboards. He helped Ian on his recent solo LP, 'Walk Into Light', between bouts of driving his car backwards.

On bass is Dave Pegg and stalwart Martin Barre is on guitar. Between them they have conjured an attractive stew of rhythms and melodies, like 'Later That Same Evening' which rolls through a succession of intriguing ideas, like a ship's siren suddenly hooting.

'Under Wraps', the title track, makes a bright opening, and sets the tone for the New Tull, all crisp and digital. But even on jerky songs like 'Nobody's Car' the old face of Tull, bewhiskered and with flute attached, can be observed, overseeing, and cueing the sound effects. The touches of flute bring the magic, otherwise one could be forgiven for thinking that this was just another session, rendered uniform by modern technology.

'Radio Free Moscow' is the last and most interesting track on *Side One*; rather than launch into a simple refutation of Eastern bile, the band attempt to balance the picture by suggesting that the Voice Of America may also be involved in Cold War Games. I'd sooner hear *Radio Four* any day – reception permitting.

The remaining tracks include 'Heat', with speaker-rattling bass-drum work, 'Lap Of Luxury', 'Saboteur', 'Astronomy', which sounds like a hit single, and 'Under Wraps 2'. The music rattles along with that curiously mournful sound inherited from Ian's folk-influenced

vocal style. But gone is the rambling rock 'n' roll of yesteryear and pulsing, metronomic drums now tend to thrust forward in the mix. And for those who fear the guitar may have been sacrificed on the altar of the synthesiser, there are many explosive axe licks to cut a swathe through 'Heat' and 'Luxury'.

Despite its marching beat, 'Saboteur' tends to follow the pattern set by the previous cuts and a certain 'sameness' develops, broken only by some rather inhuman double bass-drum work. If these drums are, in fact, the work of flesh and bone, then my congratulations to the new drummer, Doane Perry. If the result of electronic circuitry, my compliments to the electrician and his mate.

It's all a long way from 'Aqualung', but then so is everything else. CHRIS WELCH

HOLLAND
'Early Warning'
(Ebony EBON 17)

HANGING INARTICULATELY from two opposites (brute force and sharp intelligence) and indelibly stamped with glum grimaces, the boys from Holland (note *band*, not that smudge next to Belgium!) have obviously led committed lives. They desperately want to be (apart from heroic, subversively rowdy and incessantly domineering) a cheap alternative to Iron Maiden or, if you really want it on the line, the Scorpions.

Really, their roots are far too conspicuous and simplistic to secure any immediate admiration. Current Metallic procedure demands that, if recognition is to be seriously courted, then a fair dosage of rousing individuality should be a key ingredient freely available to those who seek. Aural and visual investigation suggests that with Holland this is not the case.

Side One, on reflective judgement, is imposingly naff. Featuring a series of grilling (and gruelling!) 'Play In A Day' ruinous riffs, the tedium steadily rises to a truly stifling level.

Having stomached the immediate barbaric staunchness, one is led, forcefully I might add, to a display of differing musical styles. One minute the band play with prickly sensitivity, and the next they shove half a ton of circumstantial roofing felt into your gob. Mystified? So am I . . .

The other side brings (slight) relief in the form of two tracks which are excitingly unrepresentative of the general *mêlée*. 'Kicking Back' is a supple creeper built on a versatile backbeat which allows the fibrous axeing of Bob Henman and Kenny Nicholson to spur the song into a wide-screen epic. But the killer is 'I Need', a devastating power-push of pulsing riffomania that matches the mighty Savage for sheer, unrelenting, shin-kicking oafishness.

But one Metal basher of crushing intensity does not a good album make. Sustained impressiveness, overall cohesion and class inventiveness is desperately required if headway is to be achieved. DEREK OLIVER

MOTORHEAD
'No Remorse'
(Bronze PRO LP 5)

ON ONE of many (many, many . . .) paralytic occasions, 'Philthy' Phil turned to me with a puzzled expression and stated guiltily: "Y'know, we're like a sickly venereal disease – just when you think you've got rid of us, we come back with a nasty itch!" Well, (t)itchy Taylor may have given it a good scrub and left, but Lemmy the lewdster is still dishing out the aural syphilis with the casual mischievousness of a dodgy back-street boiler.

Y'know, I first heard Motörhead (a mile away) back in '78 and I was, well, overwhelmed. Here were three young gentlemen (well, two anyway), thrashing the living daylights out of their instruments and making one almighty incomprehensible row. It sounded like three pneumatic drills having a barny in a tin box. We loved it.

Now, many *Smirnoffs* later, it sounds like FOUR pneumatic drills having that same argument. And we still love it.

'No Remorse' is the compilation album that captures all the highlights of those earache years. Taylor & Clarke, Robbo, Campbell, Gill or Wurzel, who cares? Plonk the needle down anywhere and next door's cat will s**t itself instantly. Oldies and newies stand shoulder to shoulder in a frightening polydecibel parade. It's the definitive Motörhead album.

You really wanna know? Take a deep breath . . .

'Ace Of Spades'/'Motorhead'/'Jailbait'/'Stay Clean'/'Too Late Too Late'/'Killed By Death' (the new single)/'Bomber'/'Iron Fist'/'Shine'/'Dancing On Your Grave' (my all-time fave Motörbrain belch)/'Metropolis'/'Snaggletooth' (a groovy newie)/'Overkill'/'Please Don't Touch' (with Galschool)/'Stone Dead Forever'/'Like A Nightmare'/'Emergency'/'Steal Your Face' (another newie)/'Louie Louie'/'No Class'/'Iron Horse'/'We are The Road Crew'/'Leaving Here' and last but not least, the final newie, 'Locomotive'.

But wait. Where's 'Love Me Like A Reptile'? Come on, where IS it? How could you leave my *second* favourite Motörhead song out, Lemmy? Methinks a little swop with the less than wonderful 'Metropolis' would just about do it . . .

Oh, by the way, this deadly double dose comes in a limited edition leather sleeve. What? You know. You've already got it . . .

MARK PUTTERFORD

MANOWAR
'Sign Of The Hammer'
(10 Records Dix 10)

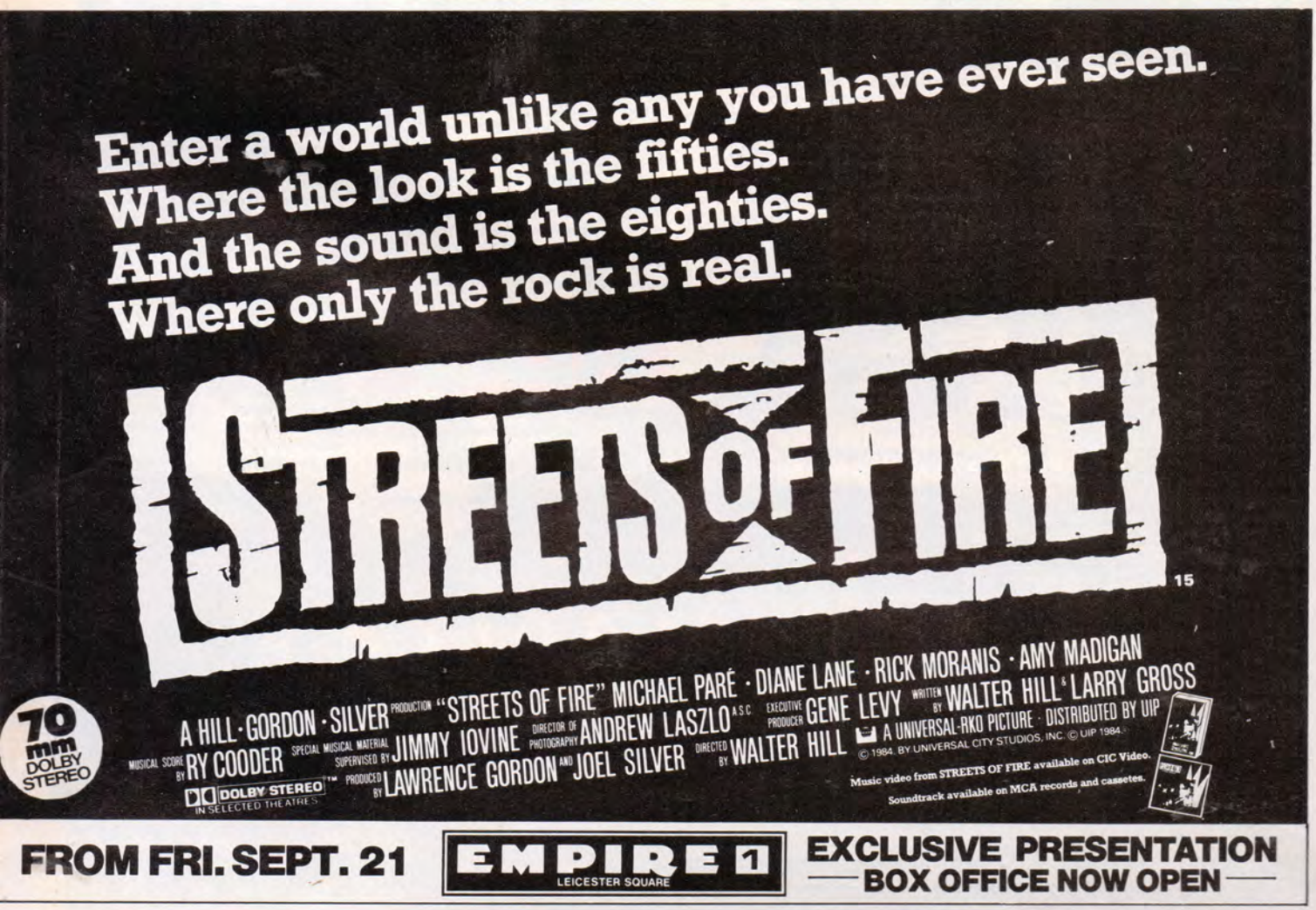
"Y'know, I think Manowar are the only real *HM band I've worked with. They've taught me a lot about the music"* – Tony Platt

THE COMPARISON may not stand up to too much scrutiny, but if you had to whisper the name of Manowar in the same breath as another HM band, then that band would probably be Venom. Yeah, Venom. Both outfits, y'see, have definite unswerving ideas, knowing exactly what they want in terms of image, sound and presentation.

Despite protestations from outsiders; despite those who would describe the mannish one's attitude as (in family magazine vernacular) 'unhelpful', the New Yorkers – like the Geordie trio – simply aren't prepared to compromise, being generally wary of those who would meddle and determined, above all, to preserve their unique style and character.

You may not rate Manowar live or on plastic, but you have to admit that, for better or worse (I think you know where I stand), their sound is their own, an

CONTINUES PAGE 22



Kerrang!

Edited by MALCOLM DOME

NEWS

ERIC CLAPTON has composed the title song for the film **'The Hit'**, which has just opened in the UK. It stars **John Hurt, Terence Stamp, Tim Roth** and **Laura Del Sol**. The movie was directed by **Stephen Frears**.

PEPPERMINT VIDEO MUSIC have just issued **'The Rock Revolution'**, a 60 minute cassette featuring such acts as the **Clash ('London's Burning'/'I'm So Bored With The USA')**, the **Ramones ('Psycho Therapy')**, **Kate Bush ('Wuthering Heights')**, **Badfinger ('Lost Inside Your Love')** and the **Sex Pistols ('Anarchy In The UK')**.

The company also plan to put out **'10 CC Live At The International Music Show'** in the near future. Filmed during the band's 10th anniversary tour, it runs for 54 minutes and has the following track listing: **'Art For Art's Sake', 'Lying Here With You', 'The Power Of Love', 'I'm Mandy, Fly Me', 'The Things We Do For Love', 'Wall Street Shuffle', 'Dreadlock Holiday', 'I'm Not In Love'** and **'Feel The Benefit'**.

OMNIBUS PRESS are to publish the authorised **Slade** biography during October. Titled **'Slade: Feel The Noize'**, it was written by **Chris Charlesworth**.

VIDEOS

'ASIA IN ASIA' *(Vestron Video International)*
A RATHER harsh light is cast on Asia here because this video is of a concert delivered during a rather confused period for the band, with John Wetton having mysteriously (albeit temporarily) quit, being replaced by Greg Lake.

Recorded at The Budokan in Tokyo, this is a 60 minute performance featuring such songs as 'Time And Time Again', 'The Heat Goes On', 'Here Comes That Feeling', 'Only Time Will Tell' and 'The Smile Has Left Your Eyes'.

Steve Howe plays fast and fluently and Geoff Downes, in a rather baggy jacket, bestrides his keyboards like a colossus. One of the highspots, though, is undoubtedly Carl Palmer's drum solo, a brief, fast and furious affair. Interestingly, the cameras show what the fans in the back row can't see, a fish-eye view of Carl's snare drum being battered and the Palmer boots pounding the pedals.

But apart from the instrumental delights, this video tends, unfortunately, to show up the flaws in Asia's material. The boys have shown that they can play 'four-to-the-bar' pop songs. Now they need something more substantial.

Overall, this doesn't show Asia performing at their best. It would have been better to produce a video of the band at Wembley; Japan was chosen to enable a hook-up with *MTV* in America during the concert. And before this gig one or two members of the band should certainly have purchased copies of 'Jane Fonda's Work Out' video. It might have done wonders for their waistline! CHRIS WELCH

'THE POLICE SYNCHRONICITY CONCERT' *(A&M Sound Pictures)*
FILMED LIVE at the Omni Arena in Atlanta, Georgia, during the band's last US mega-tour, this is a real treat for all Police informers.

Directed by Godley and Creme (you know, the team who've worked with Duran Duran and Frankie Goes To Bermondsey), 'TPSC' is one of those super luxurious production numbers, boasting lots of nifty editing and camera wizardry, with regular cuts to the wildly applauding audience. It lasts for 75 minutes and covers 15 tracks, including hits like 'I Can't Stand Lasagne' and 'Sue Lawley'; if you are a Police devotee you are going to salivate and you are going to screech!

The fact that Sting's voice has dropped a couple of tones since his 'Outlandos D'Amour' days will not spoil the fun one iota. The fact that Andy 'Of The Many' Summers still looks like Dave Dickson's grandad suits me. The fact that Stewart Copeland is one of the most exciting drummers in the world is especially comforting.

The Police *go for it* onstage and this is a cracking film which proves just that point. MICK WALL

'AMERICAN HEARTBEAT' *(CBS/Fox)*
ONE OF the *major* advantages in this job is that you don't actually have to pay for junk like this.

FAN CONVENTIONS are a strange phenomenon. The idea of grown up (or supposedly grown up) people actually congregating for the sole purpose of wallowing in nostalgic adulation appears to me slightly less appealing than a guided tour of Mick Wall's undergarments.

Fanderson '84 was no different. Whilst the level of organisation for this three day Supermacromation/marionation binge seemed courteous, efficient and discreet, nonetheless the sight of 'normals' wandering around decked out in 'Captain Scarlet'/'UFO'-style costumes was a shade disconcerting.

Still, for aficionados of Gerry Anderson (above, second from right) there were plenty of attention-grabbing goodies, from the regular screenings of old programmes to merchandising stalls and competitions.

Arguably the highlight(!) of the occasion occurred on the last of the three days when a panel comprising Ander-puppeteer Christine Glanville, actor Ed Bishop (Commander Straker from the 'UFO' series), the 'legendary' Nicholas Parsons (above, second from left), his wife Denise (above, extreme right) and Fanderson chairperson Pamela Barnes (above, extreme left) answered questions such as 'whatever happened to Capt. Blue?'

Overall, a well-constructed event, but strictly for connoisseurs!
MALCOLM DOME

Footnote. The second series of 'Terrahawks' begins a 13-week run on September 23. It's to be networked by ITV at 4.30pm every Sunday.

This is the video of the album that Howard Johnson described as 'classic' when he reviewed it in issue 71. I would describe it as gutless, spineless drivel performed by gutless, spineless bands.

'AH' bored me s**tless. I mean, would *you* want to sit and watch a bunch of fat, dull men crooning on about how much they loved their girls, who then had the 'indecency' to leave them?! Survivor, Toto, Blue Öyster Cult, REO Speedwagon, more Toto, REO Speedwagon and Survivor. We're talking trips down to the Radio FM launderette; clean, safe, sanitised music for clean, safe, sanitised people.

Moreover, this 40 minute affair shows just what a poverty-stricken art form the video has become. Most of them here feature nothing more than the bands miming against an assortment of backdrops. The most interesting effort comes from Wang Chung who at least attempt to add something to the song; the rest are about as visually arresting as a bus stop. DAVE DICKSON

FILMS

'TOP SECRET!' *(PG)*
PUT SIMPLY, this is the funniest film I've seen since 'Airplane'; I haven't laughed so hard since the cat died!

Written and directed by the team responsible for both the aforementioned 'Airplane' and 'Kentucky Fried Movie' (*ie* David Zucker, Jim Abrahams and Jerry Zucker, popularly known as 'ZAZ'), 'Top Secret!' successfully takes the piss out of the 'World War II Movie' genre.

Screen newcomer Val Kilmer plays an Elvis Presley-style singer called Nick Rivers who is on tour in present-day East Germany, although the film has been shot to re-create a mid-Forties atmosphere! But that's all you're gonna find out about the plot from me 'cos the rest is. . . top secret! Suffice it to say that there's a non-stop procession of sight gags and corney jokes and it's laughter all the way. Watch out also for fine cameo appearances from Omar Sharif and Peter Cushing, plus a cow called Daisey wearing wellies!!

If you went a bundle on 'Airplane', then you'll dig the s**t out of 'Top Secret!'.
XAVIER RUSSELL

'THE COMPANY OF WOLVES' *(18)*
IT'S ALWAYS amazed me how the traditional fairy story has become associated with children! Most of them really are soaked in perverse, nasty and vitriolic rhetoric. Taking this viewpoint, 'The Company Of Wolves' develops the classic story of Little Red Riding Hood and turns it into a compulsively disturbing movie.

Delving deep into the psychology and myth of the werewolf, director Neil Jordan brings out the rampant sexuality and bestial urges inherent in the whole belief of lycanthropy, whilst still retaining an essential sympathy for the poor creature. And the cinematography is totally overwhelming, creating an air of mystical endeavour I've rarely seen equalled on the screen.

Of course, in fairness, I should mention that opinions on 'TCOW' varied wildly among the *Kerrang!* cognoscenti. Both 'Krusher' and myself were stunned into a state of awed admiration, yet Mick 'No Bread, Man' Wall and Howard 'Feet First' Johnson maintained that this was 'utter crap'. 'The Bishop', meantime, thought it was certainly worth seeing.

I suggest you take his advice and choose between the two extremes.
MALCOLM DOME

'THE COMPANY OF WOLVES': King Diamond exacts revenge on 'Dinky' Dickson.

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WELL TAYLORED

KOMMUNICATION in issue 75 was very interesting indeed. I'd like to have my say too, so here goes: if *Kerrang!* featured Wham!, Altered Images and OMD then I could well understand the vitriolic letters. However, Duran Duran appeal to more than teenyboppers (Andy Taylor made that clear enough), they have a distinct raw edge to many of their songs and they don't yell about the devil like a hundred other groups I could mention.

I've never seen them live and I don't like all their records, but I can sense a certain excitement and charisma from their TV appearances. They may not be HM, but then Styx, Toto and Asia aren't either and they're still given coverage in *Kerrang!*

The 'pop' jibe is a bit hard to take when Manowar and Saxon appeal to 'kiddies' just as much. All bands are 'pop' – some are less commercial than others, that's all!

I've seen Hawkwind four times and they were crap; an awful mess every time. They were a shambles, creating as much excitement as a migraine. Not only that, but it was embarrassing to witness them playing so badly and lots of fans walked out. I wouldn't pay washers to see them again. Andy Taylor would have blown them all off stage easily. I know who I'd rather see in future.

I'm not a wimp or a 'kiddie'; I like Priest, UFO, BOC, Rush and Van Halen to mention just a few, and I can see nothing wrong with the Andy Taylor feature – more like this would be welcome.

Some of the letters in issue 75 were unneccessarily hateful, but bear in mind all you macho men and women that W.A.S.P. and Venom will never, ever, be as successful as Duran Duran. So Paul Elliot of Farnham, Venom 'and their ilk' bore and annoy me. Poor imitations of Seventies' theatrics and worn-out, hackneyed lyrics are rather *passé*, don't you think? **Fiona, Sheffield.**

(MOTÖR)HEAD REMOVAL

I AM writing this letter to you in the hope that you may be able to answer a few questions.

For six years myself and many I know had been waiting for the chance to see 'the heroes of HM', for us anyway, Motörhead. Finally, last week, the dream came true. OK, so Eddie and 'Philthy' weren't coming, but Lemmy, for so many the personification of the HM attitude, was gonna be there, so who cared?

We psyched ourselves up for a month and we were ready to give them a hero's welcome. What happened?

Well, for starters they played for an hour (is that normal in England?). But what really turned the dream into a nightmare was the volume! It was so loud that you couldn't hear the vocals and the lead was inaudible. It was totally distorted and the worst I've ever heard.

Is this normal in England too? Had they turned it down a fraction it would have been tops. We love it loud down here, but not to the point of distortion and agony! I know Motörhead are the loudest but is that enough?

I was lucky enough to rap to Phil Campbell before the show and he was a top bloke, but I couldn't hear any of the lead he played! It was a piercing, disgusting, hopeless mess!

Finally, this is to Lemmy. Mr. Kilmister, you really can't give a s**t about your fans. You turned a dream into a nightmare. We were ready to rage and you depressed us. You give HM a bad name – we wish you'd never come.

I'm sorry for having to write to *Kerrang!* like this, but so many who were at the concert feel the same way.

Please print this so others can know of the farce we had to witness. It was a 'Blunder Down Under'. **Richard Crowfoot, Raymond Terrace, N.S.W. Australia.**

'THANK GOODNESS FOR DAVE DICKSON' SHOCK

READING THE letters pages over the last few issues of *Kerrang!*, I could not help but notice the amount of criticism that Hanoi Rocks have come in for. Somebody in issue 73 said he would like to kick Mike Monroe in the teeth; well, I don't rate idiots like that.

As for the letter in issue 75, what if they do pose, surely it's the music that counts. They play some of, nay, the best rock 'n' roll (in the traditional sense of the word) in the world. Their music draws on the same foundation as the Stones', but with more recent influences included. Andy McCoy does *not* look like Boy George. And if Steve 'Evil Eyes' were to read the interviews he would see that they live as wildly on the road as the next band (not that that should count).

It was good to see Duran Duran in the magazine, not because I like them (I don't), but because it sparked off a reaction which showed the narrow-mindedness of some of these idiots. Thank goodness for Dave Dickson. The bands he has introduced us to – Hanoi, The Lords Of The New Church, U2, the Gun Club etc – are all good rock bands and they are *original*.

Times change – so must rock 'n' roll. **Allan Loudon, Alness, Rossshire, Scotland.**

CURRENT FAVES

I AM writing to defend one of the best bands around, namely AC/DC. Recently, they have come under fire from a certain magazine. Just because they didn't give *Kerrang!* an interview this time doesn't mean that they are neglecting their fans (I've read two interviews with the band in music papers recently).

AC/DC are one of the hardest, if not *the* hardest, working bands in the world: just because they aren't always playing the UK doesn't mean that they've sold out to the US and have kicked us Brits in the teeth . . . unlike some US bands i.e. Van Halen, who would rather make 1½ million dollars for one American show than play for their English fans who they claim are the best in the world – funny way of showing it fellas, see ya in another five years.

No, AC/DC have proved that by sticking to good old traditional rock 'n' roll (no synths here!) it's possible to stay at the top – as they proved at Castle Donington this year. Thanks to Angus and Co for a great evening! **An AC/DC fan, York.**

MAGIC MOMENT (1)

THIS LETTER is addressed to Mr. Dickson, Mr. Diamond and anyone else who read and was interested in issue 75's article (or heated argument) in which Dave Dickson tried and succeeded in taking the aforementioned Mr. Diamond to the cleaners over his knowledge on the occult.

Firstly, Mr. Diamond hasn't a clue what he's talking about; he refers to people playing with powers they shouldn't; well, what the hell does he think he's doing, 'calling up' forces without the proper knowledge, training, preparation and equipment – he must be off his upside down cross!

He also thinks he is 'capable of handling it' – bulls**t! Aleister Crowley thought he could handle it when he called up Pan (Mr. Dickson should know what I'm talking about). Mr. Diamond thinks he 'invites' these forces, but there is a very simple rule that applies here: give them an inch and they'll take everything they can.

Secondly, on to Mr. Dickson. You seem to know your stuff, but you seem to have forgotten that Aleister Crowley thought that HE was the Beast, and some of his sex magic rituals make hard-core pornographic mags look like the *Beano*. The Aleister Crowley motto 'do what thou wilt . . .' was given to him by his guardian angel Aiwass, when the angel dictated *'The Book of Law'* to him.

There is no doubt that he was a great magician, but he was also a sadistic bastard who enjoyed watching people go insane from his works, which cannot be described in this family magazine but can be found in most occult books. His book *'Magick In Theory & Practice'* is loaded with traps and I advise anyone against practising these rituals. **An occultist giving his side of the story.**

P.S. Aleister Crowley, high magician of the 'order of the golden dawn', ended his life as a mental wreck, a drug addict and an alcoholic on 5.12.47.

MAGIC MOMENT (2)

I NEVER thought I could be stirred up enough to write a letter to *Kerrang!*. However, after reading the Mercyful Fate interview in issue 75 I felt I had to put pen to paper. Firstly, let's get this much straight: I like my music to have lots of balls and power with melody. I also like lyrics with meaning.

So back to MF; I want to thank Dave Dickson for writing such a great article. I think he exposed King Diamond for the fake I take him for. I hate Mercyful Fate and all they stand for. I would never buy a Black Metal LP or attend that sort of gig. I just wish bands would avoid this most touchy and dangerous of subjects and stick to producing great rock 'n' roll.

I'm no Christian, just a kid who doesn't know what to believe. What I *do* know, however, is that what Mercyful Fate, Venom and co stand for scares the s**t out of me and I'm not afraid to admit it. So here's a message to all you would-be Black Metallists: forget Satan and get back to the music which is what it's really all about, is it not? **A heavy rock fan.**

MAGIC MOMENT (3)

CONGRATULATIONS ON exposing King Diamond for the complete and utter fake that he is! Black Metal bands have never appealed to me, for religious reasons mainly, but as long as someone enjoys their music who am I to complain about them?

My knowledge of 'The Powers' etc, may not be the most extensive in the world, but when I speak out against them I assure you that I do know what I'm talking about! For a school debate, I studied the work of mediums and clairvoyants and, in passing, came to study Satanism.

The idea of this religion disgusted me. One book I read stated that Satanists must give up every child they have, allowing them to become slaves of Satan after they have been 'anointed' with salt and sulpher to prove they belong to Satan. The impression given by my studies is that Satanists are granted everything they ask for in the knowledge that when they die they will be condemned to eternal slavery at the hands of Satan.

There are good and bad spirits! It is the bad spirits who wish us harm, seeing their chance for communication through people who do not understand what they are doing; people who have no real control over the situations they create.

Seances are the perfect opportunity for these spirits to make 'contact' and cause harm and heartbreak. King Diamond's dealings with 'The Powers' are another. How on earth can this man believe he can control something so complex and way above mortal understanding when he hasn't even had any training?

Dave Dickson, I think you are great. **Di, A Christian.**

Pic Tony Mottram

DAVE DICKSON prepares to perform the Lesser Banishing Ritual.

TOUR DATES

TOBRUK (above) will be supporting **Manowar** on their forthcoming UK tour (see last issue for full details). The band are also undértaking their own British dates as follows: Whitehaven Whitehouse Club September 20, Glasgow The Venue 21, Wishaw Heathery Bar 22, Peebles Cross Quays Club 23, Newcastle Tiffanys 24, Billingham Swan 25, Cleethorpes Pier Hotel 27, Oxford Penny Farthing 28, Gwent Cross Keys Institute 29, Thatcham Silks October 1, London Marquee Club 2, Birmingham Railway Club 3, Preston Clouds 4, Derby Rockhouse 5, Warrington Lion Hotel 6, Manchester Gallery 8, Watford Heads 11, Guildford Royal 12, Tonypandy Naval Club 13, Newbridge Memorial Hall 14, Brighton Richmond Hotel 16, Birmingham Railway Hotel 17, Runcorn Foxy's Club 18, Stoke Waggon & Horses 19, Retford Porterhouse 20, Kings Lynn Precinct Rock Club 21, Leeds Cosmo Club 25.

***U2** have announced the following UK shows for November: London Brixton Academy 2/3, Edinburgh Playhouse 5, Glasgow Barrowlands 6/7, Manchester Apollo 9/10, Birmingham NEC 12, London Wembley Arena 14/15.*

As exclusively revealed in Mayhem *issue 76, the band's new album is to be titled **'The Unforgettable Fire'**. It's issued through* Island *on October 1.*

***HUEY LEWIS & THE NEWS** are to play a one-off date at London Dominion Theatre on October 28. Tickets are priced at £4.50.*

The band issue a new single through Chrysalis *on September 21. Available in seven inch and 12" formats, both feature **'If This Is It'** on the A-side with **'Change Of Heart'** on the flip. The latter also contains **'I Want A New Drug'** plus **'Heart & Soul'**.*

***NAZARETH** have added the following dates to their forthcoming UK tour: Hull City Hall October 13, Cleethorpes Winter Gardens 15, Loughborough University 20, Leeds Cosmo Club 21. Support act for the whole tour is Swiss band **Black Angels**.*

***MARILLION** have lined up six shows during mid-December: London Hammersmith Odeon 13-15, Manchester Apollo 17, Nottingham Theatre Royal 18, Glasgow Barrowlands 19.*

*Tickets are priced at £5/£4.50/£4 and are on sale now from the respective box offices and usual agencies. The band's forthcoming live mini-album, **'Curtain Call'**, is to be issued by* EMI *just prior to the gigs. See* Mayhem *issue 75 for exclusive details.*

***LARRY WALLIS**, previously with **Motörhead/Pink Fairies**, appears with his band **Police Cars** at London Dingwalls on September 22. Tickets are priced at £3.50*

***DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS** will be playing dates at Watford Heads September 20, Portsmouth Kings Theatre 21, Guildford Royal 27, London Marquee Club 28, Birkenhead Stairways 29, Runcorn Cherry Tree Hotel October 3, Cambridge Fisher Hall 4.*

***EMERSON** play Newcastle-Upon-Tyne Tiffanys September 24.*

***PENDRAGON** play Carlisle Stars & Stripes September 28, Warrington Lion Hotel 29.*

***PAULINE GILLAN'S NORTHERN DANCER** have now extended their tour to take in the following gigs: London Kensington Ad Lib October 3, Watford Heads 4, Northallerton Town Hall 5, Bradford Thornton Labour Club 12, Bristol Granary 18, Oxford Penny Farthing 19, Gwent Cross Keys Institute 20, Birkenhead Stairways Club 27, Thornton Tandhu Club 30, Falkirk Burns Bar 31, Dundee Ivanhoe November 1, Glasgow The Venue 2, Wishaw Heathery Bar 3, Peebles Cross Keys 4, Dumfries Oasis Club 5.*

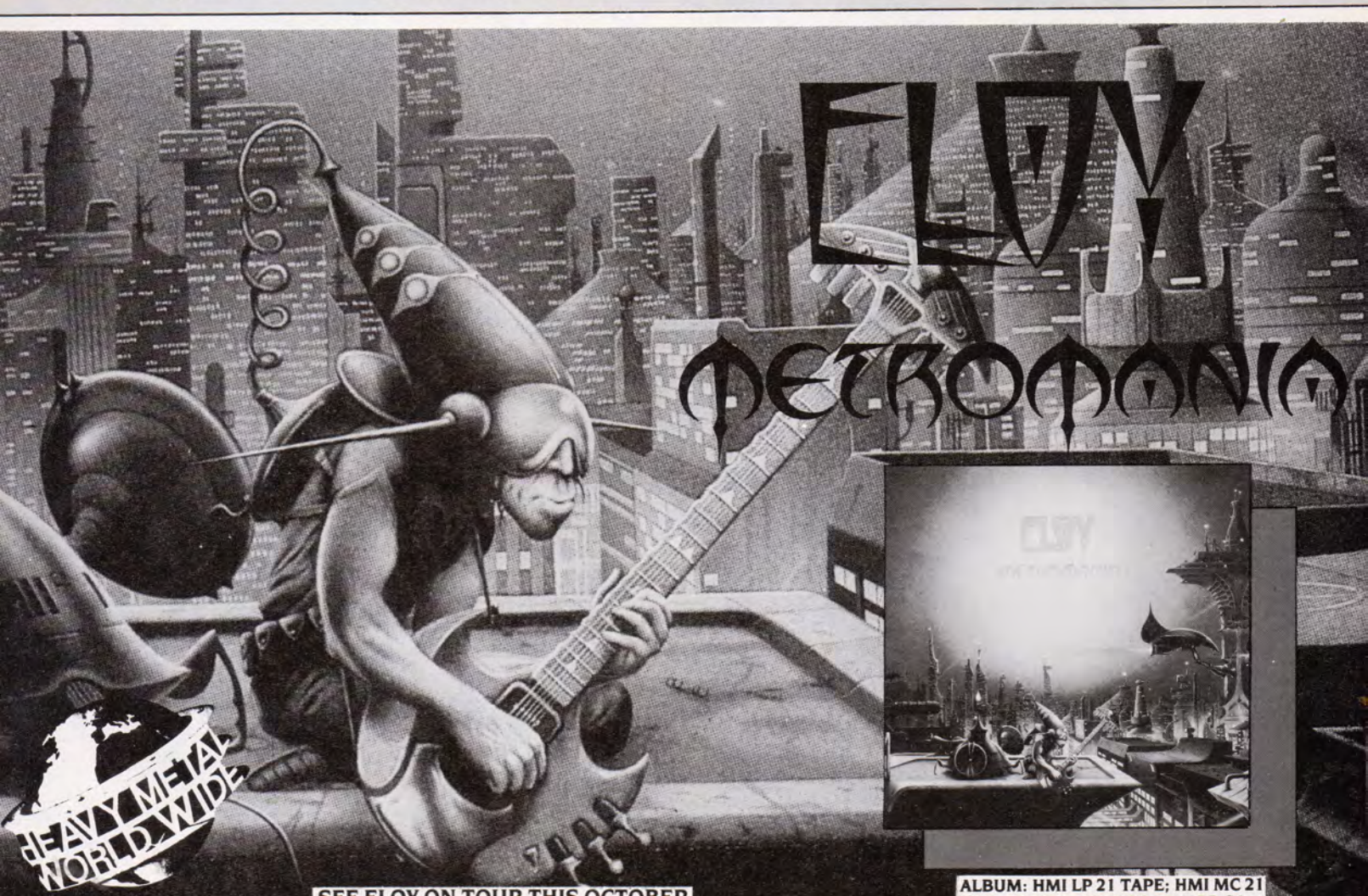
***SEDUCER**, who issue a 12" EP titled **'Indecent Exposure'** through* Thunderbolt *on November 2, play Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge Centre September 20, Brentwood Hermit Club 27, Cardiff Bogeys 28, East Ham Ruskin Arms/Melbourn Rock Club October 12, Tonypandy Naval Club November 3, Bristol Granary 17, Chesterfield White Swan 21, Preston Clouds 22, Coventry General Wolfe 24, Thatcham Silks December 3.*

***TREDEGAR** have confirmed shows at Leeds Bier Keller September 20 (supported by **Epitaph**), Yeovil Heron Club 27, Chichester New Park Rock Club 29.*

***LAUGHING SAM'S DICE** appear at Cardiff Casablanca Club on September 29.*

***BIG BANG** appear at London Fooberts September 27.*

***LYIN' RAMPANT** play Glasgow The Venue September 28, Edinburgh La Sorbonne October 5.*



Behind the sc

PAUL SUTER traces the heady rise of Seattle 'Special Metal' band, QUEE

(left-right): Eddie Jackson, Michael Wilton, Geoff Tate, Chris de Garmo and Scott Rockenfield.

reams

SRŸCHE. Pix Ross Halfin.

DIANA AND Kim Harris are the management team who have nurtured Queensrÿche from their early days as a non-gigging basement band called the Mob up to the level that they have already reached, and doubtless they'll continue to guide them onwards and upwards (just ask the people who've tried to get in the way!). Once you get close to the organisation it begins to take on a very close family type of feel, a slightly unusual but potentially rewarding approach to the school of rock management.

Kim and Diana have extensive backgrounds in the music business, having worked for some time in radio and promotion, but it was their record shop, *Easy Street Records* in Seattle, which first brought them into contact with the boys. And so it is that yours truly begins this story by talking to Diana and Kim about how they first got involved with Queensrÿche. It's not customary to interview a band's management, but hopefully it will cast an interesting light on the tale we are to tell. . .

DIANA: "Actually, we first got the band's demo by default. Chris de Garmo (half of Queensrÿche's guitar team) had given a tape to a friend who worked at the *WEA* office in Seattle; we heard about it through Scott's (Rockenfield, drums) brother and he brought one into the shop for Kim to listen to. Subsequently, we arranged to meet Chris, but he was very specific that he wanted to pursue the *Warners* angle himself – after all, he didn't really know anything about us.

"The problem was that they cut back a lot on staff and the tape never went anywhere; he realised that it wasn't going to work and, as we had already spoken several times, building up a relationship, we went from there. . . but I guess we really got them by default."

KIM: "It took several months to build up a really close relationship with the group and their parents. One thing that's always been a strength for this band as a unit is the total support of their families; it's been marvellous and has helped our job, particularly at the beginning, enormously."

But when it came to landing that all-important record deal, how did they cope with the problem of being so far removed from the decision makers, all based in New York and Los Angeles? After all, one of the main reasons the LA Metal scene has developed so fast is because it's all happening under the noses of the record companies – and yet Queensrÿche were amongst the first of the new breed of the US Metal bands to land a major deal.

KIM: "We think it worked to our advantage not being in LA or New York, we were out there in no-man's land."

DIANA: "Kim has 15 years experience in radio and retail, and I've done radio promotion. As a result, we made a lot of contacts; I was doing promo for record labels to radio and then working independently. Those contacts remained as people shifted and moved, and that's where Mavis (Brodey, the LA A&R manager at *EMI America* responsible for signing the act) came into the picture. She was music director at radio station *KZOK* and we became good friends, but I lost touch with her when she left town.

"When it came to looking for a deal for the boys it was a case of checking to see where all the old contacts were. We couldn't trace Mavis but it just so happened that when we narrowed it down to which labels we felt would be most fitting for the band, on a whim I called *EMI America* first. . . and found Mavis there!"

KIM: (laughing like a drain) "We were in the record store and Diana was working from the back office; I heard this scream and ran back to see what was going on, and there was Diana laughing and cracking up on the phone! Anyway, she talked to Mavis for a while and then made me put on the Queensrÿche EP in the store and play it over the phone! I'm holding this phone out in front of the speakers in the store, with everything going flat out, and Diana's screaming, 'can you hear that, just listen to that!' "

DIANA: "Mavis was just cracking up by this point – 'you haven't changed a bit', she said. Anyway, we sent her the record, the press cuttings and told her about the airplay we were already getting. I wrote a long letter and told her that I wasn't just hyping bands any more – that Queensrÿche aren't *just* a band, that there's something very special here. I told her that she just had to come up and see the band.

"We planned a visit, and then she cancelled. We started hearing from numerous labels, one of them even said, 'name your price', but I just had to get Mavis to see them. We organised another trip and she cancelled again; by this time they'd been booked to do a show, opening for Zebra, and there was so much interest that I got on the phone to her and told her to get on a plane and get up here fast – the minute that the band hit the stage it was going to be too late. And she came. . .

"Everybody says that they've got something amazing, A&R

CONTINUES OVER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

hear it all the time, but Mavis finally appeared. She came down to the rehearsal room, and when it was all over she just looked at me and said, 'you're right'."

MAVIS BRODEY: "Queensrÿche were brought to my attention by their management, people that I'd known in Seattle. They told me that I *had* to see the band, that they were something special. I don't want to appear cynical, but I hear that at least once a day. I'd heard their EP, however, and went up to see them. We finally met up in a rehearsal room with me sitting about three feet away from them.

"My art teacher used to say that if you know why you love a painting, you don't really love it – if you sense something really special then you can't verbalise it. And when I watched Queensrÿche I knew they were something very special after 30 seconds – I was very excited by them. I sensed a certain quality, *star* quality, and I would have to say that Geoff (Tate, vocalist) stood out as a lead element. The musicianship was outstanding, but it's important to have someone to focus on. The band had a raw power and enthusiasm, and a sophistication beyond their years that surprised the hell out of me!

"There was definitely something special there. I've been to a million showcases, heard a million tapes, but I'd never heard or seen anything like Queensrÿche. They have their *own* sound, their *own* vocal personality, their *own* visuals. I liked what I heard and saw, and felt that it was *genuine*.

"I think authenticity is the most important criterion I have for any band I'm considering; ultimately, everything's derivative of course, but I could see the group establishing a real special place for themselves. That's only my opinion, I admit, but it's become the opinion of a lot more people now, and that makes me feel good for the band."

GEOFF TATE: "I think we're saying something a little different and doing things differently too"

ONE OF the undeniable pleasures of writing for a rock paper is the opportunity you get to travel abroad at other people's (*ie* record companies') expense, and even on the tightest of schedules see a little bit more of the world than a more humdrum existence might allow. It's no holiday, despite what some of you might think, running around strange cities trying to keep up with your subjects through a daze of jetlag, but the scenery's undeniably different and interesting.

I've never been to New York apart from passing through, and frankly I don't care; I hate LA but have too many friends there to resolve to keep away; my love of Toronto goes without saying (I've even paid my own fare!), but I've got to admit to a special affection for a couple of less likely cities. It's possibly just due to the fact that I had a good time in those places and the sun was shining, but there's a special spot in my heart for Denver (yes, I've actually been to Red Rocks!). . . *and* Seattle, home of Queensrÿche.

American Metal has certainly fought back hard in the face of the British invasion, selling albums by the million in response to the likes of Maiden, Leppard and the admittedly non-British Scorpions. Van Halen are bigger than ever and a whole slew of more than worthy acts are emerging, mostly from LA. The latter is a self-appointed city of style and right now that style is Metal, resulting in what amounts to a virtually self-regenerating process perpetuating the Metal myth – for a while at least.

But Queensrÿche hail from the unlikely city of Seattle, a major seaport but much more characterised, it seemed to yours truly, by natural highs rather than the depressing industrial nature of somewhere like Liverpool or the hardly charming Felixstowe. Frankly, a rather unlikely place to nurture a Metal band – two in fact, if you count Rail, as well you might – but then Queensrÿche are a rather unlikely Metal band. As I was moved to comment in that original *'Armed & Ready'* (issue 36) piece (sorry if the quote's not exact but I'm writing this on flight PA100 and they've forgotten the bound volumes of *Kerrang!*): *'few Heavy Metal bands are capable of getting so classy, and few hard rock bands are capable of getting so vicious'.*

Since the cassette that turned into their mini-album fell into my hands, the band have moved on several steps, now looking even more the masters of their art than before. Cut 'moved on' and read 'matured'; I refuse to set up Queensrÿche for the kill by babbling on about profound artistic talent – I'll leave you to check out their debut album, 'The Warning', for yourself and make your own summary of the situation. Suffice it to say that Queensrÿche deserve all the attention they're going to get.

AND SO it was that yours truly found himself sitting in the scorching sun overlooking Puget Sound (I got sunburned in about 15 minutes!) wondering why the head count was one short. . . OK, I knew really, but haven't you ever heard of journalistic licence?

Chris de Garmo was the absent body, being down in LA mixing the album with Kim Carnes' 'Voyeur' man, Val Garay. He also had a slight scheduling problem on his hands. It was Thursday afternoon, he hadn't finished, and the entire band was due to leave Seattle for Japan on Saturday morning.

A definite case of flying to America to do a telephone interview, but let's not belittle the presence of Messrs Rockenfield, Tate, Eddie Jackson (bass) and Michael Wilton (guitar). Chris *is* the main spokesman for the band, but the others had plenty to say too, hence the ensuing attempt to interweave the results of two interviews. And on top of that you'll find the outcome of two additional conversations I was able to have with Kim and Diana and Mavis – an astute lady who recently signed Canada's Corey Hart for America, where he's currently scaling the charts with former 720 and Michael Des Barres' guitarist Andy Barnett in his band. A far cry from the *Marquee* eh, Andy?

So Chris, what happened? Why is the album *still* unfinished after three months in London recording studios with producer James Guthrie?

"OK, we're just a bit behind schedule! We came over to London to record with James because we thought he would be valuable to work with, and he wanted to use London studios. We'd allowed two months to complete the record, but things kept on developing with the result that we over-ran by a month, and that was working 12-14 hours at a stretch with very few days off. It was really exhausting, and when it came to mixing the results I think we were all so drained that we failed to really capture what we'd done. We needed to be fresh for the mix, and we weren't."

The result was that the mixes failed to live up to anybody's expectations – they were very good but could clearly have been much better. The outcome could have been a soul-destroying one, the enforced release of a debut album that nobody was satisfied with, but fortunately *EMI America* were prepared to justify their faith in the band by allowing a remix to go ahead.

As Chris explained: "the label really cares, and wanted very much to get it right, so that's why I'm down here now in LA. It's really working out well and everyone's very pleased with what we've got. We're getting really excited about the album again!"

"It's great that the label is prepared to give a new band the time – and the opportunity – to get the record exactly right," Geoff added later. "They could easily have insisted on releasing just what we had, but the

support we've had from them has been excellent. We're very fortunate that they trust us and believe in us."

KIM HARRIS: "We did something very few people in this business appear to do; we told the label exactly what we wanted to do, and what we expected them to do. We were all after the same result, and they gave us the finances and the backing to achieve that result.

"Obviously, we discuss everything together, we're working towards the same goal after all, but we've *never* heard what so many people get from the corporate end; namely, that 'it's out of the question!'

"It's been a load off everyone's minds that the label has given the band the leeway to do what they want to do; they've never stepped in and vetoed anything. We've been with them for a year and a half now and we've never had anything but positive feedback."

MAVIS BRODEY: "We've put a lot of trust in the band and their music; our aim has been to let them make the kind of music that they want to make, make the statement that they want to make. After that, well, it's up to the public to decide. We're giving the band 110 per cent support at the label, but you finally have to let it go and see what happens.

"When you work with a band that you feel has musical integrity and good ideas you leave a great deal to them – we believe that Queensrÿche will find their own musical boundaries, and under those circumstances you have to give a band the freedom to express themselves.

"We *do* get involved, listen to songs and discuss ideas about visuals, possible tours, and so on, about how the band is to be represented and come across. But it's not a case of making Queensrÿche the next whoever; it isn't that premeditated. I'd like to see Queensrÿche be *themselves*, and when you look at successful bands today – whether in Metal or in pop – they have their *own* identity. You have to let creativity take its course."

The proof of the pudding is in the eating, of course, so it's interesting to note that the above words were spoken in London during April, long before it became apparent that Queensrÿche were going to have to crave the label's indulgence in finishing their record. . .

I'M NOT going to prattle on about the quality of the finished product or the astonishing depth of talent that is so clearly evident – you'll find that in the album review (page 8). It's strikingly clear, though, that the band have very little in common with the stereotyped US Metal scene (not that it's bad at all, but it does reflect a certain similarity in approach from all but a few), displaying a character far beyond the excitement of that initial four-track EP and one hardly in line with the US Metal movement in general.

EDDIE JACKSON (second from left) and three-quarters of the Dio band team up in the shower (where else?) for a Halfin 'backstage special'

US Metal summaries tend to make the point that 'Queensrÿche show you don't have to come from LA to get a deal, but it helps', or words to that effect. But the band don't see themselves as part of any great Metal movement, anyway – they're simply Queensrÿche, and proud of it. Geoff tried to explain. . .

"I think we're saying something a little different, and doing things differently too. We've moved away from the areas that already have their own characteristic approach; Seattle's a bit of a backwater with fewer things to influence you. In LA everyone's there and seeing each other all the time, and inevitably everyone influences everyone else to some degree. Here we can do our own thing."

"I think our sound and approach are more European than most US Metal bands," said Chris. "We're not working to a strict formula, what we're aiming for is a sound with no real boundaries, no limitations, hence what was perhaps an unexpected choice of producer. I look at people like Led Zeppelin and Pink Floyd, stuff like that, and they didn't stick to a set formula. I'm not saying that we're like those bands, but they had a broad approach which we're looking for, too."

This came from Chris over the phone, but coincided neatly with Michael's comment that, "we're broadening our approach all the time. You have to remember that the material on the EP is over two years old now, and I think we've come on a great deal since then in our writing."

Chris summed up the advance evident on the album: "there's definitely a musical growth since that EP. We were very young as a band then, we'd been together only a few weeks, and those were the first songs we'd written together. The raw energy is still there, and I hope and believe that what we've done now will win us new fans without alienating anyone who's already a supporter of the band."

Queensrÿche have never been shallow; indeed the video for 'Queen Of The Reich' actually required a lengthy opening caption to explain what was going on. Listen to the lyrics and you'll realise that it's not Germanic Metal pomposity at all, and when you catch hold of the album, check out 'NM156' as an example of where Geoff Tate's lyrics are heading.

"Yes," admitted Geoff, "I'm trying to say something with the lyrics; it's not just a case of putting words to songs. We don't want to force a message on people, but we *are* taking the opportunity to say something a little different, as that opportunity is there. We don't want to preach or anything like that, but why waste a chance to say something that people *may* notice and *may* appreciate?"

MAVIS BRODEY: "People are waiting to see what this band does, and I don't think they'll be disappointed. The band has been given the time and opportunity to work on this record and make it very special. There *is* a lot for the band to live up to, but they're concentrating on their music and at the end of the day that's the most important thing. It doesn't matter what clothes you wear, it doesn't matter what your album jacket looks like. . . if Queensrÿche fulfil their potential we're going to have something real special here.

"I don't believe in over-hyping the band but I don't aim to be conservative in my feelings about them either – I think they're *very special*. I've thrown my crystal ball away so I can't *predict* anything, but I trust other people are going to feel what I feel about Queensrÿche, and it's nice to know that a lot already do."

IRONICALLY, the immediate success of Queensrÿche with their EP is potentially their biggest problem. They're a remarkably young band, y'see, with only vocalist Geoff Tate having any significant amount of pre-Queensrÿche experience to fall back on, and they're being pitched into battle at a position significantly higher than most debut album acts.

OK, they now have a reasonable amount of roadwork experience behind them in the States, having opened for the likes of Quiet Riot, Dio and Twisted Sister, but their debut album does emerge at a time when the band have already achieved stature above and beyond that; instead of launching themselves with their record, they're having to *prove* themselves with it. It's one thing to come out with a great record and reap the rewards, but it's quite another to be *expected* to come out with a great record. So how are they coping?

Scott reflected the relaxed attitude of the band when he explained, "yes, there *is* pressure on us, but we try not to worry about it and get on with our development instead – there's no point getting paranoid or we'll never get anything done!"

"You have to believe in yourself," Chris had remarked earlier, "and as a band we believe that we *can* deliver, therefore the pressure's acceptable. I think the fans that we already have will be happy with what we've done, and now we're reaching out for new supporters, too."

The group's lengthy period of inactivity on the live front during the preparation and recording of the album helped to keep them fired up and raring to go. When I spoke to them they were desperately keen to get out there and show what they're made of, and not in the least daunted by the prospect of headlining shows in Japan, followed by an 11-week trek across Europe with Dio.

"We can hardly wait," Eddie enthused. "It's over eight months since we went out live, and we're just dying to get out there and play again!"

"Working with Dio is real good news too," added Geoff. "We've toured with him before, here in the States last year, and we all get along real well – he's a great guy and so are the rest of the band. We're looking forward to it; I think it's a good pairing that the audiences will appreciate, and we're aiming to enjoy ourselves."

ALBUMS

FROM PAGE 13

intense blend of melody and might that, in conception and feel, has much in common with the film soundtrack work of Ennio Morricone.

What the four have shown, however (Cronos and co take note), is that it's possible to keep a firm grip on aims and ideals and still let other people – the *right* people, record company and otherwise – in on the act, an inevitable occurrence if advancement beyond a cult level is ever to be realised. The band have now worked with two *genuine* producers, Jack Richardson and Tony Platt, yet have still retained their own distinctive rumble, using the experience of the men at the helm simply to embellish and hone rather than disrupt or dilute.

Both their previous LP, 'Hail To England', and this new one (bar the title track) were, in fact, recorded under the paternal wing of the veteran Jack Richardson at Toronto's *Phase One* studio, though 'Sign Of The Hammer', the band's premier release on *10 Records*, has been remixed subsequently by Tony Platt at the *Virgin* Manor where the song itself was laid down.

In view of Manowar's sturdy, single-minded attitude, their refusal to bend according to trend or whim, many felt that no major label would want to get involved. But the folk over at *10*, a highly supportive company, have been prepared to give the band their head. They haven't tampered with basic chemistry and the fruits of the partnership have been encouraging to say the least.

In this respect, the part played

ERIC ADAMS: Savage and spine-tingling!

by Platt has been crucial (*"We now say that Platt is where it's at!"* informs bassist/main songwriter Joey DeMaio), bringing the band close to realising their obvious potential whilst focusing the listener's attention exactly where it belongs – on the vicious/virtuoso bass playing, the pumping black heart at the core of the Manowar sound.

Fusing the conventional roles of rhythm guitar and bass, DeMaio locks tight with the punch-bag pounding of drummer Scott Columbus, the two forging a firmly-rooted base from which guitarist Ross The Boss and vocalist Eric Adams take the songs spiralling into the realms of the truly epic.

Really, Adams is very special, sniffing the same refined air as Ronnie James Dio and Queensrÿche's Geoff Tate, the man they all have to beat. His delivery is powerful certainly, though the melodic line still succeeds in making its presence felt, and when he screams (let me warn you now, he *does!*), it's a musical rather than painful experience.

On album opener and current single 'All Men Play On 10', for example, he lets fly with a potent, no-sellout statement of intent which, supported by a goodly dose of damage from Da Boss, makes this song a worthy descendant of such fertile anthemic fodder as 'Rock The Nation' and 'Born To Be Wild'. . .

Speaking of which, 'Animals', the probable follow-up single, has a distinctly wild look in its eye and a trace of hair around the palms. The bass, as ever, defines the melody, DeMaio's jet black mane whipping back and forth as he leads the way into a catchy nocturnal romp, complete with shout-it-out chorus, furious bass-drum endeavour and the odd tumescent twitch around the sporran.

A rippling guitar/drums fanfare heralds the arrival of 'Thor (The Powerhead)', which literally brings the hammer down-*hard*! The band strain at the leash for a while then, breaking free, accelerate into a frenzied flat-out charge, the whole thing building to an explosive *mêlée* of dogfighting guitars and screaming vocals.

The last track on *Side One*, 'Mountains', and the first track on *Side Two*, 'SOTH' itself, we'll come to later; for now, let's fasten our seat-belts and hitch a ride with 'The Oath', described by DeMaio as, *"the ultimate statement for headbangers!"* What we have here, you might say, is Manowar's entry into the shady, often tuneless world of Thrash Metal, a world from which they emerge triumphant, holding high the heads of mere pretenders such as the unspeakable Hellhammer for all to see.

Simply, this is the number where Ross The Boss comes into his own. It's here that the ex-Dictator finds sufficient room to ply his craft unhampered and he doesn't waste the opportunity. Get that tremelo arm fitted to your squash racket now!

'Thunderpick', a bass solo in the 'Black Arrows' tradition, is next up, another esoteric showcase for DeMaio's technical wizardry, though personally I'd have preferred to hear another song. Particularly one on a par with album closer 'Guyana (Cult Of The Damned)', a true cautionary tale of cult worship, mass suicide and foul murder. The song has a deeply mournful, near operatic feel, with Adams' vocals veering between the savage and the spine-tingling, though a raucous rolling riff spices things up along the way. Shame about the overly abrupt ending, however.

So there you have it, ripe full-bodied stuff, though if it's vintage brew you're after then look no further than 'Mountains' and 'SOTH', Manowar's most complete compositions to date. . .

The former really is as finely-crafted a piece of rock music as you're likely to hear, a rich ideologically-based blend of light and shade, though even better is the title track itself, a mid-paced number in best 'Blood Of My Enemies' vein. The drums gallop, the bass rips along and Adams snaps and snarls, the whole thing adding up to the finest ensnarement of the Manowar sound to date. Black Wind On Black Vinyl. All hail Tony Platt, a true brother.

Hopefully, he'll have a hand (two even) in the band's next album from the off. But, for the moment, savour what we have here – at 'War Volume', of course. . .

DANTE BONUTTO

QUEENSRŸCHE

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THAT'S WHAT'S GOING ON.

pic Ross Halfin

A REJECTED shot of Iron Maiden in '2 Minutes To Midnight' pose. Own up, which dummy forgot to bring the blindfolds?! The writing above the sports hall in Lodz is supposedly a famous Polish oath which, loosely translated, reads along the lines of: *'Oh no, we sure screwed up again!'*. Left to right: 'Fyffes', 'Bubbler', 'Harry', 'Yeah, right Davey' and 'Big Tough H'.

pic George Bodnar

A POLISH army private caught in delirious mood at the news that Maiden vocalist Bruce Dickinson has agreed to swop jobs with him. What can *Kerrang!* say except that this one. . . er. . . caps the lot!!

pic George Bodnar

THE MOMENT you've all been waiting for – the infamous jam in Poznan! While Nicko and Bruce tuck into some meaty mayhem, Steve and Davey try to disassociate themselves from the whole fiasco. Four-part harmony singers, the Maidenettes, consisting of (l-r) Hojo, Halfin, tour interpreter Roman and Polish security aide Josef, carry on posing regardless, however, despite Halfin's sudden attack of *rigor mortis*.

pic George Bodnar

HARRIS, HALFIN and. . . er. . . Herbert?! Iron Maiden's bassist and the self-styled photography mogul manage to support ailing interpreter/journalist Roman, a man known to suffer from his teeth occasionally sticking together.

The strange thing, however, is that our Roman recently wrote somewhat disparagingly about Elton John looking for young boys during his Polish tour and yet is quite content to stand next to the notoriously dodgy Halfin. For once, we think the man should be told!

ART ATTACK

Win 25 autographed prints of *Kerrang!*s centrespread artwork.

LIKE TO lay yer mitts on a print of the original Eddie artwork featured exclusively in *Kerrang!* No. 76 to commemorate Iron Maiden's first visit to Poland?! Ya would? Well, all you've gotta do to entitle yourself to one of 25 prints signed by the band members and available in a high quality, glossy 11" x 14" full colour format, framed and under glass, is find the answers to some excrutiatingly difficult Maiden questions. Striktly for konnoisseurs, but a prize worth winning, eh?

1) 'Transylvania' is a track on the first Iron Maiden album. Where is it located geographically and what countries does it border?

2) What date is commemorated on the song 'Ides Of March' on the 'Killers' LP? Which famous historical figure was assassinated on this day?

3) What was the inspiration for the track 'The Prisoner' on 'The Number Of The Beast' album? Who spoke the introduction to the number? What track on 'Powerslave' was written as a follow-up?

4) Where does the 'Kwisatz Haderach' (referred to during 'To Tame A Land' on the 'Piece Of Mind' album) live and where was he born?

5) Who is the Frenchman mentioned during 'Die With Your Boots On' on 'Piece Of Mind'? What's the significance of the number '13' in the song?

6) Who or what are Horus and Osiris?

Write your answers on a postcard and send it to: **Iron Maiden Competition, PO Box 16, Harlow, Essex.**

MACHO THE DAY

The 666 Squad (ankle-tappers and punters division) take on the Polish press.

pic Ross Halfin

NAH, THIS ain't FC Wroclaw, though you could be forgiven for thinking that was the case in view of the large crowd which turned out to witness these gods of the grass, these titans of the turf! This, my chums, is Iron Maiden FC, the squad that sends shivers of terror down the spines of footy teams the world over, the boys who play to win and who very rarely come away with anything less than a sweat-soaked victory lodged under their headbands.

"Sod the tour, let's play football!" ordered captain and impeccable front-runner Steve 'Hammer' Harris, and that's exactly what these wild boys did in Wroclaw.

Opposition was wheeled on in the form of a somewhat ragged team of Polish journalists (remarkably similar in approach to Def Leppard FC, I'm told!), but the natives proved no match for our boys, the Irons romping home by eight goals to two – much to the satisfaction of a very Metal-minded four and a half thousand strong crowd (definitely more than the Orient pull these days!). Before your action news reporter brings you an exclusive post-match interview with Steve Harris, however, let us run through this titanic pre-match line-up shot (above).

Left to right, back row: Nicko (coach, proving that the sun shines out of his. . . er. . . arm!), Gaddsy, Bruce, Horace, Smallwallet (player/manager, but forced to sit this one out due to a troublesome eye infection!), Dizzy, Titch and Keith.

Left to right, front row: Davey, Paul, Steve, Mark, Roger, Rob and Adrian.

Having played on *both* sides during this classic struggle, Hojo feels in a position to bring you an unbiased interview. So Steve, your thoughts on the match. . .

"Well Brian, I mean Howard, considering that this was the first game of the season and that we hadn't played together for a while I think it was a fine result. We killed 'em in the first half but we were a bit knackered in the second and lost some of our momentum."

Would you like to run through the goals, then?

"Yeah. Well, I got the first in off the post and the second from the penalty spot after Davey had been tripped. The third goal was the best of the lot, though. We put some neat passes together from our own half and the ball finally reached me on the right wing. I crossed, and there was Horace to put it in with his head – just like Luther Blissett!

"The fourth came from a set piece; I hit one in through Roger's legs. Good job he ain't got droopy b****cks! They pulled one back but our fifth came from Davey, then Dizzy got the sixth after a scramble just before half time.

"The second half was a bit more even cos we were knackered, like I said. But Roger got a classic Trevor Brooking style goal and I stuck the last one home. Oh yeah, they got another somewhere along the line!"

Nazareth ARE BACK!

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DISCOGRAPHY

FIVE ALBUMS ONWARD – and the flame burns brighter than ever! There can be no doubt in anyone's Metal-encrusted cranium that Iron Maiden are the most singularly successful British HM outfit of recent times, rising from the sweat-sodden recesses of the East End's *Ruskin Arms* to the most vast, consuming amphitheatres on the planet, collecting a total of 36 gold, silver and platinum LPs worldwide along the way.

From their self-financed three-track 'Soundhouse Tapes' EP, Maiden have progressed to quite frightening heights of domination, delivering some of the most melodic, eyebrow-singeing music ever etched on to plastic!

Starting with their self-titled debut album, which features an embryonic Eddie on the cover and reached No 4 in the UK charts, it's nothing less than awesome to follow the dazzling progress of the Maidenettes up to their present position with the new 'Powerslave' LP.

Of course, 'Iron Maiden' featured the artwork of Derek Riggs, and it is his distinctive style that has added a definite continuity to Maiden releases. The Irons' mentor, Rod Smallwood, spotted some of Derek's work at *EMI* and was sufficiently impressed to ask to see the man's portfolio. The illustration that found its way onto Maiden's debut LP was already in that portfolio and the artist has been under contract to Maiden ever since. Not bad for a 26-year-old!

"If I ever see Will Malone, I'll kill him," grins bassist Steve Harris, aware that the aforementioned debut's production was shoddy to say the least. Yet the Maiden of the day, comprising Harris, guitarists Dave Murray and Dennis Stratton, drummer Clive Burr and vocalist Paul Di'Anno, still had a songwriting ear to put most acts to shame. 'Iron Maiden', 'Charlotte The Harlot', 'Phantom Of The Opera', all left a messy sweetness around the lips – tasty, tasty, very, very tasty!

'Killers', the follow-up LP, was greeted somewhat less enthusiastically than its predecessor, possibly because numbers such as 'Drifter' and 'Wrathchild' had already seen the light of day in less comprehensive form. The album these days stands up as a *bona fide* Maiden powerhouse rock 'n' roll outing – but more importantly it marked the debut of guitarist Adrian Smith, who replaced Dennis Stratton. It reached No. 11 in the UK charts.

ANOTHER YEAR, another album – and how! A further vital piece was added to the Maiden jigsaw puzzle with vocalist Bruce (Bruce) Dickinson taking over from Di'Anno. His presence was immediately felt on 'The Number Of The Beast', the album which firmly slipped the Maiden leather glove onto the hand of world domination, going straight into the UK charts at No. 1. Already acknowledged as one of *the* essential Metal releases in any vocabulary, if you ain't clapped ears yet on 'Children Of The Damned', 'Hallowed Be Thy Name' or the titanic title track, then tell your fiver to get its butt into gear like sharpish! Metallic bliss!

And onward, ever onward, in our whistle stop tour of Maiden albums; next port of call is 'Piece Of Mind', another supremely mature piece of hard rock which heralded the arrival of former Trust drummer, Nicko McBrain.

Talk about brain strain, what with Eddie newly lobotomised and Maiden coming through with their heaviest work to date. Nicko stengthened the band's backbone immeasurably, his neanderthal presence being felt from the opening salvoes of 'Where Eagles Dare' through to the epic structure of closer 'To Tame A Land'. My favourites from 'POM' (one for the Aussies, eh?) remain 'Revelations' and the more obscure 'Still Life'. A classic cracker, which reached the No. 3 position in the UK charts.

Which leads us breathlessly to 'Powerslave', hot, steamy 'n' new. The big 'P' has to be the band's best platter to date, a true grower and a giant in an HM world of Lilliputian weeds! Clocking in at a mind-manglingly mammoth 51 minutes 20 seconds, this is the last word in Value For Mayhem! It's also the first Maiden album to feature the same line-up as its predecessor – and the cohesiveness shows!

Select standouts at your peril, for this is positively a 'no fillers' scenario. '2 Minutes To Midnight', 'Aces High', 'Rime Of The Ancient Mariner', it's total dismemberment if you can't handle the pace! The mightiest of Metal from the mightiest of Metal bands – you know it makes sense! **HOWARD JOHNSON**

LPs

'Iron Maiden' EMC 3330 (issued Apr. '80)

'Killers' EMC 3377 (issued Feb. '81)

'The Number Of The Beast' EMC 3400 (issued Mar. '82)

'Piece Of Mind' EMA 800 (issued May '83)

'Powerslave' POWER 1 (issued Sep. '84)

SINGLES:

'The Soundhouse Tapes' (featuring 'Prowler'/'Iron Maiden'/'Invasion') ROK 1 (issued Nov. '79)
'Running Free'/'Burning Ambition' EMI 5032 (issued Feb. '80)
'Sanctuary'/'Drifter'/'I've Got The Fire' EMI 5065 (issued May '80)
'Women In Uniform'/'Invasion' EMI 5105 (issued Oct. '80)
'Twilight Zone'/'Wrathchild' EMI 5145/(cassette) TC EMI 5145 (issued March '81)
'Purgatory'/'Genghis Khan' EMI 5184 (issued June '81)
'Run To The Hills'/'Total Eclipse' EMI 5263/EMIP 5263 (issued Feb. '82)
'The Number Of The Beast'/'Remember Tomorrow' (live) EMI 5287 (issued May '82)
'Flight Of Icarus'/'I've Got The Fire' EMI 5378 (issued Mar. '83)
'The Trooper'/'Cross Eyed Mary' EMI 5397/EMIP 5397 (issued June '83)
'2 Minutes To Midnight'/'Rainbow's Gold' EMI 5489 (issued August '84)

EPs:

'Women In Uniform'/'Invasion'/'Phantom Of The Opera' (live) 12 EMI 5105 (issued Oct. '80)
'Maiden Japan' (featuring live versions of **'Running Free'/'Innocent Exile'/'Killers'/'Remember Tomorrow'**) 12 EMI 5219 (issued Nov. '81)
'2 Minutes To Midnight'/'Rainbow's Gold'/'Mission From 'arry' 12 EMI 5489 (issued Aug. '84)

Tale of the Tap

DEREK OLIVER toasts the most legendary 100% spoof band in rock. . .

OF ALL the recent reformations – Yes, Legs Diamond, Vanilla Fudge, Deep Purple, etc – it hardly needs me to point out that the comeback of Spinal Tap has caused the biggest stir of them all.

During the early Seventies the Tap rose to heights of success exceeded only, perhaps, by the magnified peaking of Led Zeppelin and maybe Iron Butterfly. With multi-million selling albums such as 'Rock 'N' Roll Creation', 'Brain Hammer' and the intensely moving 'Intravenus De Milo', Spinal Tap ruled the airwaves and, so legend has it, became the most intensive touring outfit in the history of rock 'n' roll. When the Tap toured, countries literally shuddered, fathers locked up their daughters and alcohol was placed in an unhealthy state of prohibition. These men were *mean*.

But then, as with all fairy stories, the good times finally came to an end. Put it down to a mixture of over-exposure and impulsive erudite squabbling if you like, but the fact remains that the once loud 'n' proud Spinal Tap could no longer command the respect they desperately needed to survive.

They soldiered on unperturbed, however, even managing to notch up a surprise American hit in 1977 with the class 'Habbit'. At one stage they even split, but like the equally gross Grand Funk Railroad they eventually reformed and scored successfully by touring Japan to an incredibly enthusiastic response. Now, firmly established once again, the Tap are celebrating a film documentary of their career and a successful tour of the United States.

IN TOWN on a promotional visit, three legendary figures huddle around an expensive coffee table: lead guitarist Nigel Tuffnel, debonair blond vocalist/guitarist David St. Hubbins and bassman Derek Smalls. They're all in good humour, but tired. I'm the sixth journalist who's interviewed them today and the strain is beginning to show.

"We've already done a lot of interviews today," St. Hubbins snaps callously. "We've done the good ones, the bad ones, the short ones and now we're doing you".

"It's very tiring," adds Smalls, fumbling for the edge of his seat. "We're not as young as we used to be; in fact, we're a lot older."

Tap's ability to detail astounding logic is second to none. These guys are hardened pros with more mileage under their collective feet than the Kinks and the Stones combined. They may look haggard and washed-out but so does Keef Richards and look where he is today. No, the Spinal Tap approach is one of honourable persistence. They've earned their respect and I'm not gonna be the man to deprive them of it.

Pic Peter Cronin

(l-r): David St. Hubbins, Derek Smalls, Nigel Tuffnel

So, how does it feel to be back in the public eye? St. Hubbins relaxes and starts to open up. . .

"Well, America's beginning to notice us again, that's for sure. I think our documentary is opening up a lot of closed minds – it's like, before you can appreciate something you've got to know about it, right? But I don't fully endorse that film. . . in fact, I think there are parts that make us look downright disorganised."

"I must admit, though, it's certainly boosted our flagging appeal with the American rock audience," adds Smalls. "It's nice to be headliners once again."

St. Hubbins: "There was a lot of wind – women, too – in our sails at the start of our current American tour due to the success of the Japanese dates. But, if anything, I think the film makes us look far too successful. It's kind of destroyed the mystique that's always surrounded us – kids used to identify with us because we were both winners and losers."

"There's an advantage to being in the middle of everything," says Tuffnel in his coarse squatney accent. "There's too much pressure at the top; when you get there you wish you were in the middle because it's nice an' safe. It's not too far to fall and not too far to climb up."

Derek chips in: "We've never had to ask ourselves every time an album comes out, like how do we follow this? We just do more of the same!"

St. Hubbins: "And, of course, we're not at the bottom, so there's no temptation to experiment and develop. Staying the same is one of our trademarks, sort of consistent inconsistency really".

THE MAIN mouth of Tap, David St. Hubbins is a cool professional when being interviewed. He offers little but stretches it out to unbelievable lengths. This man is no fool.

With such a wealth of past material to pick and choose from, what songs are Spinal Tap playing these days? Is it purely oldies or are they promoting the maturity of the new 'Smell The Glove' LP?

St. Hubbins is keen to put the record straight. "Well, this is one of the things we obviously gave a lot of thought to. I mean, if you come to see Spinal Tap you're gonna want to hear classics like 'Stonehenge', 'Sex Farm', 'Heavy Duty', 'Rock 'N' Roll Creation', all the cuts that have got us where we are."

"I mean, a *real* Tap fan will come out of a show and say, *'that* was Tap!'," grins Tuffnel. "Right, like, no fooling me you know. A Tap fan doesn't want confusion.

"We had a number called 'Break Like The Wind' which was stuck in the middle of a waltz time and three quarters time. We couldn't play it live because the kids couldn't punch their fists to it. I mean, all they want is one's, two's or four's. We do bow to their whims.

"It's funny, but we can do some odd songs like 'Listen To The Flower People', for example, which in concept is perhaps a little dated. But we do it in ska form and the fans, like, do accept it. It shows that we can do a bit of controlled experimentation and that's very gratifying, it really is."

How do you view the success of today's big rock acts like Van Halen and, dare I say it, Quiet Riot?

Tuffnel: "Well, more power to them. Give the kids a break, let them play and have some fun. They won't last. Give 'em a sniff of the barmaid's apron is what I say and then see what happens; maybe one day, if they're lucky, they'll get a sniff of the barmaid. But ten years from now, let's see where they are."

Smalls: "It's an old story, so many groups have come and gone since we started that we don't really care. Even we came and went, but then we came back and stayed. . . for good."

BEHIND EVERY success story is a shrewd businessman; Peter Grant with Zeppelin and Colonel Parker with Elvis. Spinal Tap's career has always been (mis)handled by the illustrious Ian Fate – one of the sharpest characters in the rock world. Is he still in control of the revitalised '84 Tap?

The friendly atmosphere changes. St. Hubbins paces nervously around the room. "Er, yeah, we're still being managed by Ian. But he's on holiday right now. He seems to be on holiday a lot at the moment. I think he trusts us on our own."

"Yeah," adds Smalls, "he said: 'I trust you, you are my boys, so I'm not going to give you my phone number; I don't want to be used as a crutch'. And it's great, it's really worked out fine. I think he's trying to arrange a Carribean tour for us because he seems to be spending a lot of time out there."

The future?

St. Hubbins: "I really wouldn't look to Spinal Tap to strike out in new directions. We're not gonna run out and buy a drum machine or spray paint on our hair or anything like that. You know who we are and what we play; take it or leave it".

Smalls: "I'd like to do another movie that we have complete control of. Maybe a horror film in black 'n' white starring the band. That would be real frightening – like 'Evil Death' or something."

Tuffnel: "I'd like to play *Lords* or maybe *Dingwalls*. . ."

IS FUNNY!

BEST OF BRITISH

Continuing our series on upcoming bands on the British rock scene. . .

Pic Ray Palmer

(l-r): Steve Dunwoodie, Mark Railton, Sav Pearse and Keith Knowles.

". . . the result is one of the finest British rock albums of '84, striking a fine balance between power and panache. . ."

GIMME THE high-rise swell of a pinching guitar. Gimme the hot glow of rhythmic tension. Gimme the cascade of finely-formed vocal droplets. Gimme. . . Marseille!

Remember the name? Back in the swirl of the late Seventies, this Liverpool-based band issued two albums on the *Mountain* label and toured with the likes of Blackfoot, Nazareth plus Whitesnake. To use the Mick Wall vernacular, 'they were happenin', maan'. But, dogged by ill fortune, the fizz went flat and, whilst the likes of Def Leppard emerged to sip the tasty grapes of success, Marseille slipped from view.

However, 18 months ago, the band re-emerged hot 'n' ready for another shot at the bullseye. There was talk of a three-track EP to be put out on their own label; there was talk of a major recording contract; there was talk of a big UK tour. There was talk. . . but, at the end of the day, there was no action. Once again a series of debilitating events dowsed their flame. Indeed, such is the millstone of misfortune which seems to hang around their collective neck that I suspect that if Marseille set up a mid-day gig in the Sahara they'd probably get frost-bite!

"Yeah, we've always been a band beset by problems," admits drummer Keith Knowles. "But we wanna put the past behind us now and start afresh. Of course, enough has happened to us to fill a large book. However, as far as we're all concerned this is the *real* beginning of the Marseille story. The last few years were a hiccough."

'THIS' IS their new label deal with *Ultra Noise*. The band recently inked a contract with the company who first brought Mama's Boys to major attention and who have subsequently released fine product from both Thor and Baby Tuckoo.

"Actually, the liaison with *Ultra Noise* came about in a strange manner," reveals Knowles. "We were negotiating seriously with *Cherry Red* and were on the point of agreeing terms with them when out of the blue *Ultra Noise* stepped in. To this day no-one in the band can work out how they heard about us."

"The label has worked out extremely well for us so far," adds bassist Steve Dunwoodie, the only other original member still rockin' the Marseille way (two of the remaining trio, vocalist Sav Pearse and guitarist Mark Railton, were "pinched from a local Liverpool group called Savage Lucy", according to Knowles; a second axeman, Toby Martin, has just been added). "They're small enough to care about each individual act yet seem to have real clout. Look what they've done for Thor! At the moment, our deal is only for Europe and Japan, but the entire label should be distributed in the States and Canada through a major company very shortly."

The first product under this new banner was the single, 'Walking On A High Wire', issued a couple of weeks back. And just to prove their confidence in Marseille, the record company spent a considerable sum of money putting out a limited edition silver disc version – the first of its kind in the UK.

"The process is so expensive that we've waived royalties on the 10,000 or so pressed up," states Knowles. "The kids have got a real quality product and the sound reproduction is on a par with an ordinary black vinyl copy."

This is followed on October 1 by an album titled 'Touch The Night', produced by John Verity at his own studio in Yorkshire and recorded, incidentally, before Martin was recruited.

"John was fabulous to work with," enthuses Dunwoodie. "But his wife's home-made wine was a killer! Funnily enough, 'Mutt' Lange heard some tapes of ours not so long ago and thought they were great. At one point we were hoping to get him in on the project, but he's taking an extended rest. Mind you, John's proven a good choice.

"The original LP plan was to combine five tracks we recorded about a year ago with producer Tony Tavernor at *Maison Rouge Studios* in London with five new cuts done with John. But *Maison Rouge* and Olav Wyper (Tavernor's manager) asked such excessive amounts of money for the release of the tapes that in the end it was cheaper to re-do everything from scratch."

THE RESULT is one of the finest British rock albums of '84, striking a fine balance between power and panache. The opus certainly has real punch yet doesn't pummell the listener into a premature appointment with a plastic surgeon; conversely, whilst it possesses genuine gloss it hasn't been overpolished to a point where the stereo needle is in danger of sliding all over the vinyl. Tracks such as 'Crazy', 'Ready For the Night' and the title cut are guaranteed to knock 'em dead on the firing range.

Hopefully, the band will go out on the road before too long ("we're essentially a live group," says Knowles). In the meantime, watch out at your local cinema for a screening of the outfit's video for 'Walking. . .' Directed on location in Bushey (Hertfordshire) by John Speer, it's likely to do the rounds imminently as part of a rock video compilation set to appear as a support feature to major movies up and down the country.

Welcome back, lads. Let's hope it's third time lucky, eh?

MALCOLM DOME

CHROME MOLLY

Pic: Ray Palmer

(l-r): Mark Godfrey, Steve Hawkins, Chris O'Shaughnessy, Nick Wastell and John Antcliffe.

" . . . investing in the Mollies certainly wouldn't be a waste of anyone's money . . ."

KERRANG! IS continually being berated for its evident inclination to get excited over new US bands rather than their British counterparts. But if you were with us you'd know why. Simply put, American bands make professional quality demos and British bands make cheapskate amateurish ones.

OK, there are exceptions and also valid reasons – particularly finance – for this distinction. But why should we *pretend* something British is good when we can state categorically that something American which arrived in the same postbag *is?* Interestingly enough, musical differences between bands on opposite sides of the Atlantic are no longer that great, with the vast majority of the new British prospects, from Heavy Pettin through to tomorrow's new discovery, being clearly more at home with US HR than UK HM.

And so it is with Chrome Molly, Leicester-based and in the midst of their first assault on the rock 'n' roll frontline, with the rough but inarguably ready EP 'You Said' enjoying healthy sales in the process. A second guitarist, Chris O' Shaughnessy (ex-Alien), has been added since recording took place and, following an unfulfilling show at *Dingwalls* recently with a *Kerrang!* pen and notebook in the audience (see review, issue 72), Mark Godfrey has taken over the drumstool. Chrome Molly can see themselves as contenders now, and can look back on their career with frankness thanks to the confidence they currently have in themselves.

Steve Hawkins (vocals): "We had recorded several demos and weren't very pleased with any of them, and then we got the chance to do a one-off single with *Bullet,* no strings attached.

"It's had a fair amount of success, and at the time we were really happy with it, but now we think our material's much stronger. Those songs are over a year old. We'd like to have done more on the production side, but it was recorded for only £350. I've heard it played at HM discos and it stands up pretty well against major records but there's a lot of 'bottom' missing."

SO, AS I was saying earlier, we come to the question of transatlantic musical leanings. The Mollies aren't turncoats and they aren't copyists either (although I hear that the aforementioned Pettin crew might dispute that . . .).

Chris O'Shaughnessy: "We're concentrating on developing our own style; we've got two lead guitarists but we're not going out to do a Night Ranger sort of thing with harmony leads all over the place. We've got an image and our sound's developing all the time. We've got to break into the next level now that we're establishing ourselves with the record."

Steve: "It did us a lot of good – it breaks you with an audience."

Chris: "If you've got a single out and it gets into the charts, as ours did, people hear it or hear about it, and in their eyes you become a professional band. They give you more attention and respect than somebody they've never heard of."

But audience attention is one thing, impressing a major record company is quite another. Particularly in the Metal market where the *Kerrang!* office moth knows more about the qualities involved than 90 per cent of the A&R men in London. So, why should one of them pin the tail on this particular donkey?

Steve: "Basically because we've got the songs. So often you go out and buy an album by some highly-praised new band and there's only two good tracks on it, but – and I know this sounds arrogant – I think we could write an absolute stormer of an album with really memorable songs all the way through. There's too many people going out with studs and leather and nice peroxide hair-dos who suddenly realise they'd better write a song to back it all up, and can't."

ONE THING that did shine through at that shakey *Dingwalls* gig ("typical – *Kerrang's* there and we do the only bad show we've done since Chris joined!"), is that Steve could be telling the truth about Mollysongs. The band are currently displaying a determination that impresses and labels are beginning to show some quite justifiable interest. As our *Kerrang!* office moth well knows, there are more good bands around than deals available, but investing in the Mollies certainly wouldn't be a waste of anyone's money.

PAUL SUTER

SINGLES

Reviewed by MARK PUTTERFORD

U2: 'a breath of fresh air'

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

U2: 'Pride (In The Name Of Love)' (Island)

U2 have everything. They are excellent individual musicians, have a wonderful frontman, write superb rock songs and deliver a breathtaking live show, if the 'Red Rocks' video is anything to go by. The band are also acceptable to the condescending corps of music journalists because they're politically aware, write meaningful songs, have short hair, keep a low profile and don't smile. Meanwhile, Reginald Recordbuyer likes them because they produce bloody good tunes and *Radio One* DJs will say how *good* they are because everyone else seems to think so.

U2 attract an unusual cross-section of followers because they can't be pigeon-holed and, most importantly, they're a band in control of their own destiny.

Don't question their decision to hook-up with Brian Eno (in production terms), because it has hardly changed them. Maybe they're not as harsh now, a mite bassier. Maybe not.

'Pride', a simple tribute to Martin Luther King, is a four minute, easy to swallow capsule that will ease stomachaches, clear headaches and cure any prejudices. It's not their best effort – I prefer 'Two Hearts' and 'New Year's Day' – but it's still a breathe of fresh air in an increasingly stale rock atmosphere.

JUDIE TZUKE: 'You' (Legacy)

Oh Judie, when ARE you gonna take out that silly gumshield? Love your new single, though. A powerful, chilling remake of an old *Motown* ditty, it deserves to be as big as . . . er . . . thingamygig.

JUICE NEWTON: 'Can't Wait All Night' (RCA)

A mite raunchier than her previous singles, 'Can't Wait All Night' is the pleasant, breezy title track (written by Bryan Adams and Jim Vallance, incidentally) of an enjoyable new album by the bird whose name sounds like a type of apple. It's catchy juke-box fodder that the 'septics' will love. Try it.

JOHN VERITY: 'What About Me' (PRT)

I've long admired the talents of JV, particularly his spotless production work and versatile vocals, and this ballad brings them into focus well.

Who said 'Barry Manilow bulls**t!'?

TOY DOLLS: 'We're Mad' (Volume)

Snub 'Smoke On The Water', boot out 'Bomber' and give 'Paranoid' the push, cos the greatest riff of all time is back in town!

After finding the A-side a trifle silly *(surely not – Ed)*, I flipped the slate to discover . . . 'Rupert The Bear'!! You remember him, that hard-livin', honey-lovin' gonzoid Metal mutha with the crucial yellow scarf (unfortunately, the *'Born To Lose, Live To Win'* logo had come out in the wash). Yeah, well this is his earthshattering anthem which'll have you ousting those Paddington colouring books a bit sharpish.

Couple this with the mind-blowing 'Deirdre's A Slag' (listen carefully for the remarkable blues jam at the end) and you've got the best thing to come out of the North-East since the 10.15 to Euston this morning.

DAVID BOWIE: 'Blue Jean' (EMI America)

A bitter disappointment after the series of goodies plucked from the 'Let's Dance' LP. Diddy Dave appears to change his mind about 'alf-inching the 'Since You Been Gone' intro half-way through and spends the rest of the song trying to out-bland Spandau Ballet.

THE OUTCASTS: 'Seven Deadly Sins' (New Rose)

What a silly name, I thought. Then I heard the record . . .

BO DIDDLEY: 'Ain't It Good To Be Free' (New Rose)

Shaw eez boy, de days of 'Old Man River' are loong gawn. Hand on heart, tearful eye fixed on the star-spangled banner, ol' Bo jus' keeps on knocking out those casual blues. Cool man, cool.

CHARGED GBH: 'Do What You Do' (Clay)

Drunken herbert punk/oi/Metal for anyone with a tatty leather jacket. I don't have one.

WYNCH: 'Bad Manners' (Meat Yer Beat Records import)

Another of the 67,889 Metal bands currently springing from every nook and cranny on the West Coast (no, not Bristol pea-brain).

Wynch are a hard, rock-solid bunch and 'Bad Manners' is a spirited bash ideal for clearing your dandruff, but there's nothing outstanding about them or their music (from the evidence available).

BOX OF FROGS: 'Into The Dark' (Epic)

Boring, uninteresting and totally forgettable.

AZTEC CAMERA: 'All I Need Is Everything'/'Jump' (Warner Bros)

Forget the A-side, but consider the flip for a mo. Heard it before? Yup, it's a pathetic impression of Bob Dylan jamming with Van Halen at 4 o'clock in the morning after a bucket full of downers. Dave Lee Roth was last seen cashing his social security cheque . . .

STREET LEGAL: 'Rolling On' (Weeird Brothers Records)

After doing a Tessa Sanderson with Blackfoot's appalling new album, this Southern Boogie bash had us reminiscing about how Medlocke's mob used to strut their stuff. Bonutto had the *Jack Daniels* out in a flash and 'Krusher' tried to get in on the act by flashing his (careful) cowboy belt. That was when I spotted the smallprint: 'Thanks to all our mates in Macclesfield'. MACCLESFIELD?! Maybe it's the name of their local boozer in Texas . . .

MARK KNOPFLER: 'Comfort' (Vertigo)

The theme from the film 'Comfort & Joy', this is ideal for those half-pissed, end-of-party smooches with the bird you've been eyeing up (and down) all night.

Only serious Knopfler disciples should bother their pockets for this laid-back, jazzy EP. But as I'm a true sax maniac, I find it delightful.

WARLORD: 'Lost & Lonely Days' (Metal Blade Records import)

Get this: Damien King on vocals (hmm), Destroyer on guitar (giggle), The Raven on bass (chortle), Sentinal on keyboards (titter) and Thunder Child on drums (scream!). And that's not all; the thing comes in a sinister, Satanic sleeve, is published by *Bloody Skull Music* – and is a tinny, flimsy love song!!!

ONE THE JUGGLER: 'It Hurts' (Regard)

Slightly less outrageous than their gippo clobber, 'It Hurts' is a mild, moving ballad that grows on you slowly and shows definite hit potential. I like it.

RUN RIG: 'Dance Called America' (Simple)

A pleasant, folky jig with heavy Celtic influences that occasionally sounds like Big Country with Ian Anderson singing. One for Scottish school teachers into vegetarian food, bonfire sing-songs and hush-puppies.

STORMBRINGER: 'The Curse' (Stormbringer import)

Apparently, this Montreal mob are causing a bit of a storm in Quebec (know it well), touring the HM clubs and churning out all the old covers. Here's a song of their own, and as far as Black Metal goes (about 0.25mm) it's not bad at all.

QUEEN: 'Hammer To Fall' (EMI)

At last! Brian May has plunged Queen's fingers back into the rock 'n' roll mains socket and charged up glorious memories of the band pre-'76. If 'Radio Ga Ga' made you puke, this riff-handed rocket will clear up the mess.

Incidentally, the B-side, 'Tear It Up', is another May kick up the 'jacksie'. Bliss for old Queenie boppers like me.

FREDDIE MERCURY: 'Love Kills' (CBS)

It seems as though dear Frederick has managed to stop snorting coke long enough to release his first solo single. I wish he hadn't bothered.

Taken from the film 'Metropolis', this is the type of rubbish that drones on in the background between bands on *Top Of The Slops*.

BLACK ALICE: 'No Warning' (Street Tunes)

Surprize, surprize! HM single of the week (it's an EP really) from the butch Aussie bicep-flexers. Check out the album, 'Endangered Species'.

AXMINSTER: 'Rock 'N' Roll Infection' (A&R import)

I'll stick to my lino thanks, lads.

THE CARS: 'Drive' (Elektra)

Smooth, dreamy ballad from the 'Heartbeat City' album. Not quite the Cars of old, but a pleasant single all the same.

KILLER RIFFS!

Instrument reviews by TIM OAKES

Hohner SE 603
RRP £100
Westone Rocket
RRP £235

SO YOU wanna get arrested for possession of an offensive weapon? Then just try playing one of these two axes in the street! The sheer looks of this pair should ensure that they get banned by the Geneva Convention – ugly, spikey beasts, they show a move by Japanese manufacturers to develop the lower end of the HM market.

Of course, there have been evil-looking axes around for some time; the BC Rich range for example. But this latest development of the type is towards a much lower priced instrument, whilst sticking with fairly good quality hardware, better woods, and a wider selection of shapes and sizes. Keep 'em coming!

The Hohner SE 603 has a laminated ash body, a maple neck with rosewood fingerboard, two high output humbucker pickups with a three position selecter toggle switch, one volume and two tone controls and a neat little tremelo system, nicely gold plated. The body – a deep red sunburst – is quite light, and balanced well on a strap, while the design also allows you to sit and play.

The idea, of course, is to initiate new guitarists into the delights of playing a powerful electric guitar, and in this Hohner have succeeded. The SE 603 has a high output from the pickups, with a clean sounding sustain, while the toggle selecter means that a hard rhythm sound is available from the neck pickup, and the bridge has quite enough headroom on the treble side for blistering lead breaks.

The review sample had a couple of problems when it first arrived. For instance, the strings fitted kept going out of tune when the tremelo was applied. This was traced first to the springs that balance the tremelo, which are situated in the back of the guitar under a plate. There were five, but they are a little strong, giving the trem arm a very heavy action. I took out the next to outside pair, leaving three. This made the arm much more responsive and helped towards the tuning. In addition, the strings were 'sticking' in the nut – a common enough problem, and one that can be relieved by rubbing a soft pencil (a 4B) into the slots for lubrication.

That cured, the SE 603 had a good action. With slim frets coupled to a thin neck, it is a pretty easy guitar to get used to. The tone from the pickups was bright, and hard riffing produced a powerful output, whichever pickup was selected. The bass end of the tone is slightly 'muddy', but lighter strings may improve this. Either way, if it feels right, do it. . . and if it sounds right too – whaddya want for £100?!

All in all, Hohner are to be congratulated, not just for the SE 603, but also for the rest of the SE range – which includes a Strat copy, a Les Paul copy and another strange axe roughly like an Explorer. And all of them have the magic £100 price tag. Good news for young or new players who want a useful electric guitar without it costing an arm and a leg.

Pic Dave Burton

GUITARS BY Westone and Hohner, bike from Desolation Angels: none are guaranteed street legal!

MEANWHILE, the Westone Rocket will be available in the UK around mid-December, and is aimed at a slightly higher level in the market than the Hohner. Retailing at around £235, and available in bright red or black, the Rocket has a wealth of rather clever design features, centering on the volume and tone controls, which have a push/pull facility. But more of these later.

No details were available on the woods used, but I would guess at alder for the body, maple for the neck, while the fingerboard is obviously rosewood. The guitar is fitted with two humbuckers, with one single coil pickup between them, while the tremelo system is a single piece bridge/trem with a light and responsive action. The neck is fairly narrow, fitted with wide Gibson type frets, and Westone have taken some steps to combat the strings sticking in the nut by using a graphite compound nut – a sort of raw pencil! The machine heads are Westone's own make, which performed quite well and didn't slip, even after prolonged (and heavy) use of the tremelo.

The basic sound quality from the Rocket is excellent. The bridge pickup is very bright indeed, while the neck humbucker gives a low growl like an angry wolfhound. The single coil pickup in the centre allows the player to get a Strat-type sound, and it is switched on by pulling up the first tone control. The volume control pulls up to give a 'split coil' sound – a thin but strong signal for lead breaks, and the rear tone pulls to give an 'out of phase' sound, a breathless dreamy tone, much loved for fingerpicking or chord passages.

My only complaint about the Rocket is that, at high volume, the pull up of the controls gives a loud 'clack' sound – though this might improve with time as the movement becomes a little worn in.

All of the 22 frets are easily accessible, due to a nice heel design, and the whole guitar hangs very well on a strap – without the nosediving tendencies of some Japanese monstrosities.

Westone haven't scrimped on any part of the Rocket – from the high gloss polyurethane finish to the excellent hardware. As such, it represents what I'd call a 'working axe', an instrument that delivers a sound quite classy enough for most types of rock. Though obviously suited especially to hard rock and HM, the Rocket also has the versatility to expand any player's dictionary of sounds.

To conclude then, while both these guitars are at different levels, in terms of quality and price, both offer a fine playing instrument at an affordable expense. They represent a move by the manufacturers to provide specific instruments for a specific market, which should make everyone happy. Except perhaps the Geneva Convention!

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ROCK U.S.A.

By MALCOLM DOME and IDA S. LANGSAM

★ **TRIUMPH** ARE preparing to film their first conceptual video, to be directed by **Tim Newman** of **ZZ Top** fame. Both the video and the band's new LP are set for September release, with a world tour to begin in October.

The forthcoming album, titled 'Turn Of The Wheel', will be illustrated on the front cover with an "**Eisher**-like drawing of a man within a wheel," according to the group's manager, **Joe Owens**.

★ *HIT PARADER* magazine, which likes to bill itself as the *"Kerrang!* of the US", has announced a new foray into the world of TV. Called *'Hit Parader's Heavy Metal Heroes'*, the editor of the magazine, **Andy Secher**, interviews the stars of Heavy Metal music for broadcast on national cable television. Seen over the USA Network channel as part of the *'Nightflight'* programme, the show airs every Saturday night for half an hour. Each show focuses in on one topic, such as *'Heavy Metal Guitar Greats'*, *'The East Coast Heavy Metal Scene'*, and groups like **Kiss** and **Mötley Crüe**. Already taped are interviews with **Wendy O. Williams**, **Kevin Dubrow**, **Scorpions** and the Crüe. This is the first – and so far only – regularly broadcast TV show to specialise in Heavy Metal, airing promotional videos on a weekly basis.

★ **RICK DERRINGER** is a busy, busy man. Currently in Los Angeles producing that city's latest entry into the Heavy Metal market, **Madam X** (for **Don Arden**'s *Jet Records*), Rick begins another project imminently on the West Coast – the soundtrack for a forthcoming gangster film called *'Johnny Dangerously'*. The music for this flick has been written by **'Weird' Al Yankovic**, whose gold album Derringer produced and whose third album he will also produce in November. This marks the fifth soundtrack Derringer has twiddled the dials for this year, the others being *'Bachelor Party'* (a huge hit in the US), *'Where The Boys Are'* (a remake of an old 1950s beach-blanket film), *'Grandview USA'* (starring **Adam Ant**'s current flame **Jamie Lee Curtis**) and the as-yet unreleased *'Splitz'*. In addition to all this, Rick has recorded with **Barbra Streisand** for her next LP.

He also has out his self-designed Stealth Guitar and a book of *'Guitar Secrets'* which is selling very well, as well as a commercially available 90-minute *Sony* videocassette of a live concert, called *'Rock Spectacular'*. When does the guy breathe? Rick's wife **Liz**, by the way, is not only an accredited rock journalist in her own right, but also hosts a cable television rock interview show.

★ IT'S NO news to anyone that **Kiss' Gene Simmons** has made a film, which makes his Kiss-mate **Paul Stanley** very nervous, as it's no secret that the guitarist longs to be a star of the silver screen himself.

Actually, Paul did film a part in a comedy called *'Young Doctors In Love'* a couple of years back, before Kiss took off the make-up. He played – what else? – a rock star who accidentally swallows a microphone while performing on stage and shows up at the hospital complete with manager and groupie in tow. Despite having done the film in costume and make-up, alas, poor Pauly's part ended up on the cutting room floor. Is this any way to break into movies?

★ HEADLINES WERE made recently by **Chrissie Hynde Kerr**, who announced from the stage of a recent NY area concert that she is pregnant. One can only assume that the father of this child is her new groom **Jim Kerr** of **Simple Minds**, who are opening the shows on this current tour. The press – ever cruel and vicious in these matters – have been saying that the two still have some "kinks" to iron out in their relationship, and that they've been going at it "all day and all of the night".

Hynde and Kerr, you'll recall, were recently wed in Central Park in the back of a horse-drawn carriage at a private affair, which reportedly took place the day after Chrissie and **Ray Davies** had officially broken off their affair, which created daughter **Natalie**. Supposedly, Davies heard about the marriage on the radio!

★ COMBAT RECORDS in New York have picked up the US rights to the latest album from Canadian band **TKO**. Titled **'In Your Face'**, it comes out during late September/early October. The band's line-up is **Brad Sinsel** (vocals), **Kjartan Kristofferson** (guitar), **Scott Earl** (bass) and **Michael Aleksich** (drums).

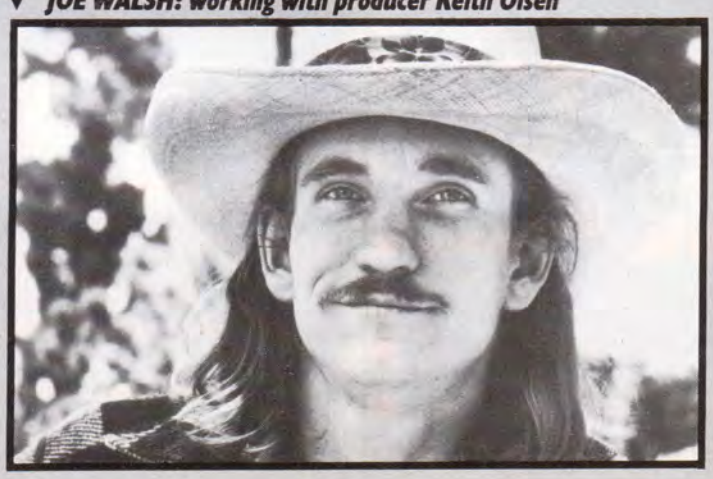
★ NEW HAMPSHIRE radio station **WKNH-FM** 91.3 now have a weekly Heavy Metal programme. Called **'Flaming Metal Death'**, it's broadcast every Wednesday between 7pm-10pm and hosted by **Jon Johnson**. Any bands interested in getting airplay on the show should send records/tapes to: **WKNH-FM 91.3, Keene State College, Keene, New Hampshire, 03431, USA**.

★ **JOE WALSH**, having switched from *Asylum Records* to the *Warner Brothers* label, is presently recording a new album with producer **Keith Olsen**. As yet there's no news on either a title or release date.

★ **QUIET RIOT** have just begun their latest headlining US tour. Support act on the whole trek are **Whitesnake**.

★ FORMER **TKO** member **Adam Bomb** is to issue an album through the *Victor* label in Japan during November. As yet untitled, it was produced by **Rick Keifer** at his own studio in Hawaii. Adam takes care of all vocal/instrumental parts, but there are guest appearances from **AC/DC** bassist **Cliff Williams** and ex-**Sammy Hagar** drummer **Chuck Ruff**.

▼ ***JOE WALSH: working with producer Keith Olsen***



In the meantime, a full band has now been put together around the talents of Mr. Bomb, featuring former **Aerosmith** guitarist **Jimmy Crespo**, ex-**Billy Idol/Riot** bassist Phil Feit and drummer **Greg Gurson** (previously with Billy Idol). The quartet will be going under the monicker of **Adam Bomb**, with the mainman handling lead vocals/keyboards/guitars.

★ **BLACKFOOT** HAVE parted company with guitarist **Charlie Hargrett**. Apparently, Hargrett intends to pursue 'fresh musical projects'. The band, who've just issued a new album titled **'Vertical Smiles'** on the *Atco* label (see *Mayhem* issue 76 for full details), don't intend to replace him.

★ CALIFORNIAN QUINTET **Laaz Rockit** have just issued their debut album, **'City's Gonna Burn'**, on the *Target* label. Produced by **Jon Graves**/engineered by **Mike Davis** at Kendun Studios in Burbank (California), the track listing is: **'City's Gonna Burn', 'Caught In The Act', 'Take No Prisoners', 'Dead Man's Eyes', 'Forced To Fight', 'Silent Scream', 'Prelude'** and **'Something More'**.

The band's line-up is **Victor Agnello** (drums), **Michael Coons** (vocals), **Phil Kettner/Aaron Jellum** (guitars) and **Willie Lange** (bass). **Ron Keel** is featured on backing vocals.

★ *ATLANTIC RECORDS* in America have just issued a five-track mini-album of classic early **AC/DC** material previously unavailable in the US. Titled **''74 Jailbreak'**, it features the following tracks: **'Jailbreak', 'Baby Please Don't Go', 'You Ain't Got A Hold On Me', 'Soul Stripper'** and **'Show Business'**.

Produced by **Vanda & Young**, all numbers feature the original recording line-up of **Bon Scott** (vocals), **Angus Young** (lead guitar), Malcolm Young (rhythm guitar), **Phil Rudd** (drums) and **Mark Evans** (bass).

As yet there are no plans for this opus to be put out in the UK.

★ AMERICAN TRIO **Zebra** have just issued their second album in the US on the *Atlantic* label. Produced by **Jack Douglas** at Atlantic Studio in New York, it's titled **'No Tellin' Lies'** and has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Wait Until The Summer's Gone', 'I Don't Like It', 'Bears', 'I Don't Care'** and **'Lullaby'**.

Side Two: **'No Tellin' Lies', 'Take A Stand', 'But No More', 'Little Things'** and **'Drive Me Crazy'**.

AEROSMITH

CARVE THEIR NAME WITH PRIDE!! The reformed **Aerosmith (Steven Tyler,** below left; **Joe Perry**, right) have just finished a full-scale American tour, which saw them break the house record at nine venues, including Pine Knob.

The band are currently putting together material for their next studio album, which is likely to be recorded during late October/early November. As yet, no producer has been chosen for the project.

Furthermore, the Aeros are still negotiating with several major record labels and hope to clinch a new deal within the next couple of months.

MALCOLM DOME

AEROSMITH

RATT

IF YOUR flesh is itching for a rock 'n' roll fix, then catch a dose of Ratt Scratch Fever. It's certainly done the Yanks a power of good.

The band (guitarist **Robbin Crosby** pictured right) have just issued a new US single, 'Back For More', the video for which features guest appearances from **Mötley Crüe**-ser bruisers **Tommy Lee** and **Nikki Sixx**. It is released in the wake of the 'Out Of The Cellar' album being certified platinum in the States (*ie* sales in excess of one million units).

In the meantime, Ratt will be out on the American road until November 11, interspersing their own headlining dates (supported by **Fastway** and **Mama's Boys**) with special guest slots on selected **Billy Squier** gigs.

It's expected that the rodent quintet will record their next album before coming over to Britain/Europe early in 1985. And as a taster of things to come, *Atlantic* have just put out the boys' first UK single, 'Round & Round' b/w 'The Morning After', a recent Top 20 US hit.

MALCOLM DOME

Pic Ross Halfin

Pic Chris Walter

THE LAZARUS EFFECT

JOHNNY THUNDERS (below) returns from the rock'n'roll wilderness. DAVE DICKSON takes a front row seat for the second coming.

"Then Jesus, deeply moved again, came to the tomb; it was a cave, and a stone lay upon it. Jesus said, 'Take away the stone'. Martha, the sister of the dead man, said to him, 'Lord, by this time there will be an odor, for he has been dead four days'. Jesus said to her, 'Did I not tell you that if you would believe you would see the Glory of God?' So they took away the stone. And Jesus lifted up his eyes and said, 'Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. I knew that thou hearest me always, but I have said this on account of the people standing by, that they may believe that thou didst send me'. When he had said this, he cried with a loud voice, 'Lazarus, come out'. The dead man came out, his hands and feet bound with bandages, and his face wrapped with a cloth. Jesus said to them, 'Unbind him, and let him go'."
(The Gospel According To John 11.38-44)

'When there's no more room in hell, the dead will walk the earth'.
(George Romero, director 'Dawn Of The Dead')

Pic Erica Echenberg

"I don't consider myself a loser. . . losers don't have a choice."

PULL UP a chair, motherf**kers, this is a dark, dark tale of drugs and decadence and debauchery and you won't want to miss a single oozing, bloody drop. We're going to touch the very soul of Death, smell its rancid, fetid breath and feel its cold and clammy hand clutching at our hearts; we're going to taste the viperous sting of its kiss.

Oh, but don't worry, my little gore-mongers, this story has a happy ending. . . or, rather, no ending at all. Because, you see, it's still going on and this is where we get to be a part, just briefly, of its unravelling. So if you're sitting comfortably, scum, we'll begin.

This man has risen from the dead! Johnny Thunders has truly been *there* and back. The object of much, often harsh and cynical, derision throughout his explosive career, Johnny Thunders has known life and death and re-birth. That the man is alive and talking and walking and, most importantly, *playing* better than ever before is nothing short of a miracle on a par with the resurrection of Lazarus. OK, so Lazarus was out for a whole four days and Thunders less than as many minutes, but let's face it, we're short on miracles these days and we have to grab what we can get!

The story goes that Johnny Thunders just plain upped and died in a New York hospital a couple of years back. Clinically died. But back he came, cos Johnny's still got some rock'n'roll to play. Call it a computer error, call it what you like, but his number sure as hell wasn't up quite yet. So Johnny The Zombie, eh? Maybe. His skin is pale and pock-marked and stretched like leather across his face. But here's the difference: his eyes are sharp and alive, the eyes give it away.

FOR A magazine that is supposed to glorify and perpetuate the art of the guitarist we have been woefully inadequate in promoting this most dextrous and fluid of axe wielders. Johnny Thunders plays his guitar from the hip; he plays it like he means to kill – he's been there, see, and he knows just how it tastes.

But now, Thunders has returned. . . five sold out nights at the *Marquee*, an assortment of other dates around London and the rest of the country coupled with the release of (*another*) live album, all courtesy of promoter John Curd – "He made us an offer we couldn't refuse," quips Thunders – a couple of movies on the boil, one called 'Personality Crisis' about, would you believe, a rock star in Paris and one called 'Traffico', "a gangster movie," with Thunders as, guess what, "Head Gangster!"

There's a new album to be recorded now that the man has almost enough new material together – remember, his last *official* studio package was 1978's totally brilliant 'So Alone' LP – preceded by a duet to be recorded with Patti Palladin.

He wants a deal. Great, who doesn't?! What makes him so special? If you don't ever get to see him maybe you'll never know, but we're talking here about the *true* spirit of rock'n'roll, about the man who single-bodiedly epitomises all that's *good, bad* and *ugly* about the music. Johnny Thunders IS rock'n'roll and he plays it fast and loose, with a sneer on his lip or a tear in his eye. *Rock'n'roll*, kids, it's what they're always warning you about.

Trash Rock is undergoing something of a revival (so the story goes) and Johnny Thunders is its Godfather and its figure-head, though to him it's simply rock'n'roll: "Rock'n'roll is just there to enjoy." No big deal, just enjoyment, pure and simple.

BUT THE news, thrill-fans, is that the greatest of all Trash Rock groups, the New York Dolls, who (with a little help from their friends, Lou Reed and Iggy Pop) DEFINED the term back in the early Seventies, may be about to set out on a reformation tour (after all, who isn't these days?)!!! Thunders has been talking to David Johannson (vocals), has already been in contact with guitarist Syl Sylvain, who was supposed to be playing on the Heartbreakers tour but pulled out at the eleventh hour – "He said his father was sick!" – and, of course, drummer Jerry Nolan is in the Heartbreakers anyway. Bassist Arthur Kane, meanwhile, "is knitting lightweight sweaters" somewhere in California.

Thunders and Johannson didn't exactly part the best of friends at the untimely death of the Dolls after their apocalyptic 'Too Much Too Soon' album of 1974 (and you can safely discount any spurious NYD models after that date, such as the one W.A.S.P. bassist Blackie Lawless claims to have belonged to: the Dolls died with that album!) But all that's changed now, and as for a possible reunion tour: "I would like to do it. . . I think, ha, I'd like to do it, myself." So that's in the works, kids, think you can handle it?

But first there's the European tour to finish and a new album to record and the video accompanying the live album ('Live At The Lyceum Ballroom, 1984') to get out as soon as "they learn how to edit! No, it's coming out in two weeks. . . two weeks next year!"

The problems that have beset Johnny Thunders' career to date still aren't entirely removed but he and his manager are working on them. With this new album, for instance, there will be no f**k-ups like the ones that have dogged *all* his previous releases.

"It hasn't happened," protests his manager. " 'Hurt Me' (Thunders' last release, on the French *New Rose* label) is fine!"

"With 'In Cold Blood'," corrects Thunders (another album on *New Rose*, never intended for release), "and with 'DTK' (yet another technically 'unoffical' release, this time on *Jungle*) it happened. Yeah, there's been problems. 'Hurt Me' was the only one (without)."

Now, however, things are moving slowly into place. But then again, isn't time running out for Johnny Thunders? After all, there's none of us getting any younger. . .

"I'm not getting any older, either!"

So what is the secret of eternal youth?

"I dunno. . . ha, like yourself."

And does he?

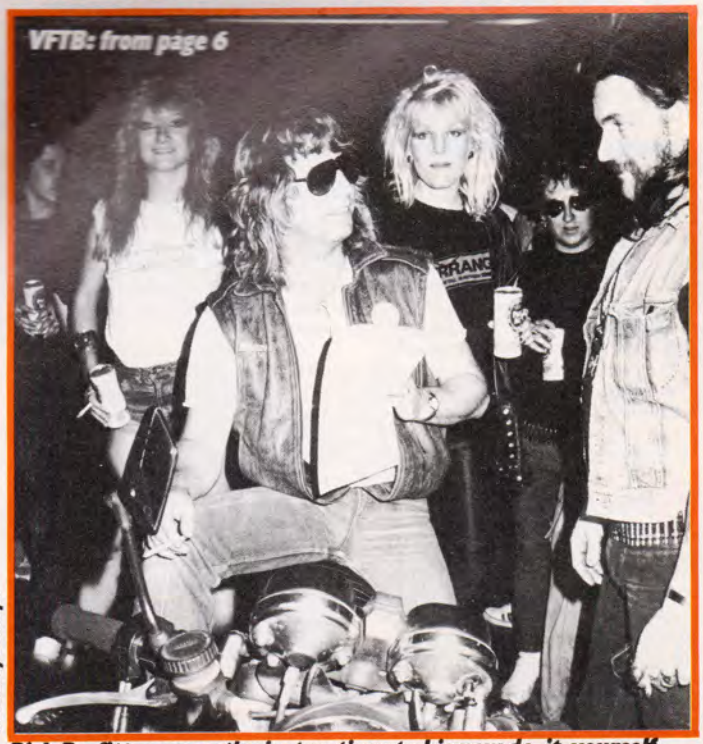
"Yeah. . . ha, I like my personality."

NOW ALL things are once more becoming possible for Johnny Thunders. Why? Because Thunders is a survivor engaged in "a very interesting form of survival." And maybe there's really only two kinds of people in this world: Winners and Losers. Johnny Thunders knows on which side of the fence he belongs. . .

"I think a loser doesn't have a choice; I *always* had a choice in what I wanted to do, whether it was to take drugs or not. . . I don't consider myself a loser. . . losers don't have a choice."

A LOAD OF OLD CABLERS

VFTB: from page 6



Pic Andy Phillips

Rick Parfitt peruses the instructions to his new do-it-yourself Rob Halford kit. Lemmy wonders why he hasn't got a drink.

"MAKE SURE that when I say 'cut', you cut. Wait for it – OK, again. I said wait for it. . !" screamed TV director **Ian Wiener** as shooting began on an HM video guest show entitled 'SKY-FI TV' hosted by **Lemmy** and **Rick Parfitt.**

At that very moment, a large, black *Ducati* 900cc motorbike, carrying Parfitt, roared across a set roughly the size of yer averge living room, scattering various rock 'n' roll liggers in its wake and causing one or two to take on that rosy-cheeked look commonly associated with acute carbon monoxide poisoning!

As usual, wherever Lemmy is to be found, huge amounts of vodka and orange are consumed, and this occasion proved no exception. Seen enjoying the liquid refreshments but not the heat were **Joe Elliott, Girlschool, Motörhead**'s **Wurzel, Micky Moody, Phil Soussan** of **Wildlife, Algy** from **Tank**, various members of **Hanoi Rocks** and that delectable duo, **Jerry** and **Constance** of **Sleek** fame. **Neil Murray**, however, was NOT there!

The videos shown on the show were of **Iron Maiden, AC/DC, ZZ Top, Motörhead, Girlschool, Rock Goddess, Wendy O. Williams, Gary Moore, Whitesnake, Def Leppard** and **Status Quo.**

Sounds wonderfully enjoyable, eh? Looking forward to it reaching *your* TV screens? Well, the one big drawback is that 'SKY-FI TV' is a satellite station and it will only be shown in Europe *via* cable. So unless you live in one of the 20 or so towns in the UK that have cable TV, you're gonna miss it. SHAME!!

JENNY TORRING

DEF SCHOOL: Kim McAuliffe and Joe Elliott caught in the throes of an impromptu knees-up.

Pic Andy Phillips

GOOD RIDDANCE!

Alcatrazz's GRAHAM BONNET sheds no tears over the departure of Yngwie Malmsteen.

THE TRANSATLANTIC 'dog and bone' lines are sizzling with the heat and intensity of a Turkish sauna on a busy Friday night in Soho. . .

"He's an ignorant little sod, a starstruck little arsehole who started believing everything the press had to say about him almost before the press had learnt to spell his name!"

I'm yapping and flapping down the receiver to Mr. Graham Bonnet, and I've just asked him why Yngwie Malmsteen, the fiery lead guitarist with the vocalist's band, Alcatrazz, is no longer a member of the group. So come on Graham, gimme some of those ol' *musical differences* blues, huh?

"No, no, no," he roars. "It wasn't really anything to do with, er, 'musical differences' or any of that crap; it's just that he thought he was the Son of Blackmore or something equally ridiculous!"

You mean he started playing mind games and. . .

"Naw, he was just a real pain in the ass. When he left we gave him a huge mirror to stand in front of and pose his little ass off."

Yeah, but was there anything, uh, *interesting* on it, Graham?

"You must be joking! We certainly wouldn't give away any coke to the likes of him!"

Well, well, well, this is all very pleasant and heart-warming, I must say. But can we speak *candidly* for a moment, Graham? Who's the replacement? After all, young Yngwie always struck me as quite an asset; visually, technically. . .

"Well, we've got a guy now called Steve Vai who played with Frank Zappa for about three years and, as far as we can tell, he's the man for the job."

But Yngwie was responsible for at least 50 per cent of the material on the first Alcatrazz album, 'No Parole From Rock 'N' Roll', right? So who's going to be filling that role in the band now?

"Well, we're rehearsing material for the new album right now and the whole band (Vai on guitar, Gary Shea on bass, Jan Uvena on drums and Jimmy Waldo on keyboards) are sharing the writing credits with me."

Who's going to be producing the album?

"We've got hold of Eddie Kramer, who's worked with people like Hendrix in the past, and, more currently, Fastway. We haven't gone into full production yet but we're looking forward to it, and, anyway, if he's no good we can always kick him out," he laughs.

I can feel the lines starting to vibrate and buzz again. . .

TELL ME about the live Alcatrazz LP, 'Live Sentence. . .' For instance, why did it only come out in Japan?

"Yeah, I suppose it's sort of unusual to put out a live album as your second release, but then the band are very, very big in Japan. We're something like second top band there. It's a great scene over there, the fans treat you like you're the bleeding Beatles or something."

And they do give very good massages, right?

"Absolutely! In fact, you've just hit on the *real* reason why we try so hard in Japan. . . the massages and the hot baths, yeah!"

So when can we expect a UK visit from Alcatrazz?

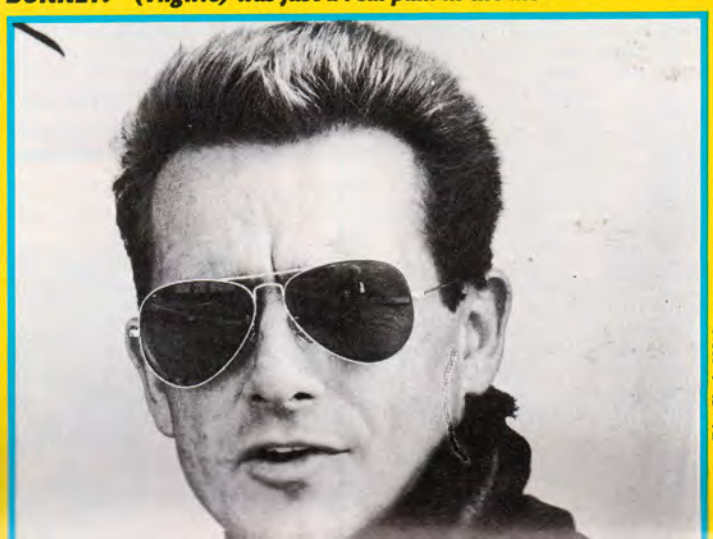
"Soon enough, mate, soon enough. But first we've got the new album to record, and then we're gonna be doing some dates in the States before heading off to Japan and Australia again."

Come on, Graham, we promise not to laugh if your trousers fall down this time. . .

"Oh God, tell me about it! I don't think anybody's ever going to forget that awful night with Schenker. But really all that happened was that my pants split onstage and the rest was just made-up and distorted from there."

MICK WALL

BONNET: "(Yngwie) was just a real pain in the ass"



Pic Chris Walter

POETRY IN MOTION

MALCOLM DOME dodges a few bricks (eh?) as he meets up with KEATS, a new band of old faces.

"WE DIDN'T take our name from the poet. In point of fact, our choice was inspired by a very expensive Indian restaurant in West Hampstead (London). As a treat, our executive manager Eric Wolfson would take us there after a hard day's slog at the recording studio!" – Peter Bardens (keyboardsman, Keats).

WHAAA . . .???!!! I'm in need of some instantly applied h-e-l-p. Preconceptual bricks are falling all around me, leaving this journalist in danger of becoming a victim of rock 'n' roll concussion. It wasn't always this way, honest guv'nor. In fact, the whole assignment started off with scarcely a crack in the pale blue sky.

Keats. A quintet perfectly summed up by Mick 'Exterminator' Wall when he reviewed their debut *EMI* single, 'Turn Your Heart Around', in issue 75. He maintained that this was 'Colin Blunstone and no less than three members of the Alan Parsons Project . . . and doesn't it just sound like it!' There can be no argument here.

What our resident pump pot's verbal discourse comes down to is this: if you take your cue from the Blam Blam Man, then you'll regard the Poetry circle as producing limp-mannered, 'girlie' music. However, if you're in the Doc Doom queue, then you'll find Keats a refreshing experience, delivering well-modulated, highly polished rock tomes that never drag (in either sense of the term) or devolve into ragged self-indulgence. The fact that the mighty Wall finds Steve Hackett's 'Till We Have Faces' opus remarkably engaging whilst dismissing Keats' eponymous debut LP as puerile, whereas yours truly regards the former as tedious bunkum and the latter as a demurely essential, quality purchase rams home the beauty of *Kerrang!* – each to his own. We may disagree, but at the end of the day, it's the music not personal vendettas/crusades that count. And I'll always uphold Mick's right to be wrong!

So, anyway, having established an emotional link with the band, off I trotted to *EMI*'s HQ for a three-way conversation with Bardens and Keats vocalist Colin Blunstone. Now, having never met either gent before, I was reduced to building up a mental print-out of what I expected to emerge from each man's personality. Bardens I had tied down as quiet, intelligent and highly nervous – a sequence of traits strengthened (so I deduced) by the facts that: 1) he is invariably hidden behind a keyboards fortress and 2) he was once a part of famed hump-rockers Camel.

On the other hand, the veteran Blunstone I reckoned to be outgoing, highly provocative and rather cynical. This personage is after all a frontman with a vast reputation, built across the years *via* such high-kickin' entities as the Zombies.

SEATED IN a spacious, if slightly askew, *EMI* executive office, it quickly became blatantly obvious that in the analytical stakes I offer little challenge to Inspector Clouseau, let alone Sherlock Suter! Bardens, from the 'off', came across as a coldly calculating fellow, with definite ideas on his own positive value to the Keats set-up; never less than pleasant, he proved nonetheless, a sharply ruthless, extrovert man.

The second sizeable shock came from Blunstone. Polite, sensibly ideological and amazingly unaffected by his many years in this most brazen of whore industries, the vocalist showed himself to be unassumingly honest, at times alarming even Bardens with his naively blunt yet warming rhetoric. For example, when quizzed on the fact that much of the 'Keats' album sounds decidedly American, he replied:

"Well, we set out to design the project for the States. From the beginning, we aimed all the songs at the American market, handpicking exactly those ones which we thought would appeal to them. In fact, I've got to be honest and state that had we decided to put out an LP for the British market, it would have been vastly different to the one now on offer.

"Why did we do things this way? Because the best response to the band has come from the record label in the US. They really believe in us and are getting very excited about our prospects out there. In Britain, *EMI* have responded in a much more muted manner. Consequently, we don't expect either the album or the single to do anything saleswise here."

Obviously stunned by the fact that his colleague was playing such an open hand, Bardens attempted to put Blunstone's sentiments into a more diplomatic format, whilst still leaving no doubt as to where the truth lay . . .

"Look, rock 'n' roll began in America, so it's quite natural for people like ourselves who've been around a long time to have US influences. It's inevitable, therefore, that our sound should mirror these influences. And whilst we'd all love to be big over here in our own country, one has to go where the response is best. At this point in time it looks like the West Coast of America will take Keats to their hearts first. So, we will go over and begin to build a worldwide reaction from that base. It's *nothing* to be ashamed or embarrassed about."

CONFUSED? I certainly am! I can't for the life of me understand how a UK-based label can sign up a band then lose interest before any product is even on the shelves. Perhaps internal politics at the company have something to do with this strange state of affairs, but, whatever the reason, quality music has once again been left to drown in the slipstream of trendy cash-ins. If *EMI* aren't geared to sell Keats to the public, then why were they signed in the first place?! And let's be clear about one thing, this fivesome were on the *EMI* roster *before* they began work on their debut LP. But back to the boys in the band . . .

Joining Bardens and Blunstone in the Keats ranks are three, at present anonymous, members of the Alan Parsons Project, *viz* guitarist Ian Bairnson, bassist Davey Paton and drummer Stuart Elliott (both Paton and Bairnson were, at one point, part of the highly successful Pilot pop set-up). How these five personages hooked up remains a cloudy issue that even Bardens/Blunstone were unable to totally clear up.

It seems that the seeds were sown during the recording sessions last year at Abbey Road Studios for the APP album, 'Ammonia Avenue'. Blunstone was guesting on vocals, whilst Bardens was mysteriously ensconsed at another studio in the Abbey Road complex; somehow long-time Alan Parsons collaborator Eric Wolfson brought them all together, though exactly *why* he thought Keats would work remains unanswered. However, given the strong *EMI* connections at the studio, plus the fact that Wolfson seems to be in a position to pull some rather chunky strings, the aforementioned label deal probably went through the system as a matter of hi-speed course. This might also explain the company's sudden Keats reticence. If a band is signed more through 'the old pals act' than on genuine musical belief down below in the A&R section, then . . . well, figure it out for yourself.

Alan Parsons was the natural choice for producer ("he was great to work with," enthused Bardens. "Alan is a quiet sort of chap but he always retains a great deal of control over his, er, projects.") and the results are now on vinyl in the form of some well-heeled, culturally acceptable rock music. Bardens and Blunstone might be two names from the past, but they're certainly involved in making heftily enjoyable music for the present.

ON THE live front, the band hope to tour as soon as possible . . .

"Wherever the album takes off, that's where we'll go out on the road," claimed Blunstone.

"Keats won't be doing any gigs on the club circuit," added Bardens. "We've all been through that sort of thing before. This band hopes to start at a much higher level with a good stage show. At the moment, it looks as if we're gonna play dates in America first, but if the LP happens here it would give us a great deal of pleasure to do shows in the UK."

And already plans are being laid for a second album.

"Oh, this is a long-term band," countered Blunstone when it was suggested that maybe 'Keats' is just a one-off. "Ian, Stuart and Davey will remain as members of the APP, but that band has never played a live gig, so their commitments won't extend beyond a few weeks recording *per* year, which I'm sure can be fitted into our schedule. The aim now is to begin work on a new Keats album during November. This might sound very soon, but the time lag between recording material and having it out is so long that anything cut towards the end of this year probably won't come into the shops until the middle of 1985!"

Alan Parsons again looks the man most likely to handle the console and suitable songs are already being prepared.

So, there you have it. Keats can now be added to the growing list of mature rock bands making a welcome impact on the predominantly youthful scene. There's the rejuvenated Genesis, the revived Yes, Asia, Box Of Frogs, the updated Jethro Tull and the soon returning Keith Emerson. Like all of these illustrious names, Keats may not change the music biz but at least they prove that, despite the likes of Hellhammer and Slayer, rock 'n' roll ain't merely noisy pollution.

In the meantime, somebody pass me a chrome-plated umbrella! Those tumblin' bricks are still haunting me.

KEATS (l-r): Davey Paton, Ian Bairnson, Colin Blunstone, Peter Bardens and Stuart Elliott.

KLASSIFIEDS

PERSONAL

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KONCERTS

MARILLION/GRAND SLAM
Nostell Priory Festival, Wakefield

CLEARED OF natural obstructions (notably the Lilford Park debacle), Nostell Priory looked set to establish itself as a contender for major festival status. However, it turned out to be a liability of monstrous proportions.

Without wishing to bore you with an abundance of petty detail (like the cavalcade of drug dealers advertising their 'wares' to all and sundry), the final day of the festival, even with the meaty headlining addition of Marillion, attracted a weary crowd to a site that was by then in a state of near collapse. Instinctive sympathy? Not on your life, this was an embarrassment to everyone.

Grand Slam (who occupied a 'special guest' slot) rampaged onstage with the excessive commotion of 'Attack', closely followed by the purulent swelling of '19'.

Harnessing a maturity learnt from a decade with Lizzy, Lynott used his charisma and searing talent to turn what had been a scene of contrived desperation into one of spontaneous and unmitigated success. Lynott seems at last to have removed a stigma (that's the Lizzy tag) which at one time threatened total suffocation.

GRAND SLAM: 'biting raw rock of the highest calibre'

Blitzing through a 13-song set (with only 'Cold Sweat' as a reminder of the past), the band showcased a cool ease for delivering biting raw rock of the highest calibre. Guitarists Lawrence Archer (just 21, but hotter than a bag full of Blackmores) and Doish Nagle spiralled and embossed each mood, riff and hook with the consummate confidence of a team that should be playing sold-out stadia rather than predominantly empty (Wake)fields. Grand Slam, I'm sure, will prove an incredibly successful operation on all levels, from artistic to financial. Let's hope they get that record deal soon.

Marillion, on the other hand, are a proven entity. Their rise to prominence has been startling and totally consistent with their ability to produce the goods under any conditions. Wakefield was no exception. Marillion's performance was a credible reminder that *real* power comes from the heart 'n' soul and not *via* the use of coarse gimmicks or irritating technology.

Fish's charisma is now total. Possessed of a huge frame (and paunch!), he expresses the sentiments of his messages with the decorative imagination of a sculptor creating a masterpiece of human involvement. From the preoccupation of 'Assassing' (the opening number) to the desperation of 'He Knows You Know', Fish lead his lost sheep through emotional insecurities with honourable civility.

'Script For A Jester's Tear' was a perfect example. Moving through a series of rhythmic time changes, the band humanised a musical form that is normally distant and technically submissive. Fish suggested an idea, a fleeting vision of confusion, then provided a crystal clear ray of hope – a suggestion of equilibrium.

But it's not all like that; Marillion are *also* a band who can move your feet. The rollicking encore of 'Garden Party', leading into 'Market Square Heroes' is the perfect celebration of their authoritative restraint.

Fish recognises this quality by leaping around the stage like a gigantic Pied Piper. He secures the rousing real-ale instincts of the *genre* by forging an inbuilt path to festival nirvana. The batsman plays a victorious six.

As always, it's unfairly implied that Fish *is* Marillion. Not so. The four instrumental manipulators are equally articulate. Particularly loopy bassist Pete Trewavas and the stunning fluidity of guitarist Steve Rothery whose Metallic (by choice I'm sure) solo during 'Market Square Heroes' was almost injurious. Place this decorative treasure trove of musical solvency behind Fish's reverence, and the insecurity becomes meaningfully sound.

With a second encore, (a genuine demand) of 'Forgotten Sons' performed to an irrefutable level of excellence, Marillion proved that they now have sufficient base and apparent fan support to continue their flag bearing with the understanding that the progressive movement is in desperate need of.

DEREK OLIVER

SHE
Marquee, London

YES, I ADMIT it's only a short time since She were last surveyed in these pages, but equally it's only a short time since they lost Chris Bonacci and Jackie Bodimead to Girlschool. Moreover, a new drummer has materialised in the form of Michelle Drees, augmenting Tracy Lamb, Kat Burbella and new vocalist Gudi Laos.

The good news, such as it is, is that She have refused to be beaten by the departures and have sprung back still determined to suceed; the bad news is that their determination far outweighs their judgement.

Michelle and Tracy proved to be the most reliable rhythm pairing that She have so far sported, and for that matter Kat's playing has manifestly advanced to the point where she could actually sound quite good given the confidence to play twice as loud and strut like she means it. However, another guitarist or else a keyboards player is vital if She are to capitalise on what they are trying to do. Moreover, Gudi has to shake off her dated image and imagery which traps her in a mid-Seventies Curved Air time capsule. Her voice is perfectly reasonable but the projection is unconvincing, as with so much that surrounds the current She.

The band have attempted to enliven their image with quasi-Kiss style make-up; frankly, it was barely visible under the stagelights, and effort would have been better expended applying some guts and drive rather than applying Max Factor. Numbers like 'Holding On' and 'Looking For Love' have the potential strength to become the backbone of an impressive set, but She need to try *sounding* impressive to make it work, and on the night they failed.

I refuse to stick the knife in, but if the girls play another show as blandly average as this one I fear that it will be their last. A shame really, because the previous line-up was very nearly there . . . PAUL SUTER

JETHRO TULL
NEC, Birmingham

RIPPING OFF white sheets draped over their heads, Jethro Tull unveiled their new sound and stage show on their 'Under Wraps' tour. After a brace of gigs further north, Ian Anderson and his ever youthful crew arrived in Birmingham ready to do battle. And, like all Tull gigs, they boxed clever, building the excitement and tension towards a rocking finale.

One of the high spots was an astounding duel between new drummer Doane Perry and pianist Peter-John Vitesse. The latter revealed himself to be a magnificent technician with a dazzling turn of speed and a real grasp of jazz improvisation. Many a rock keyboard player rambles incoherently or falls back on *clichés* when presented with solo space. Peter played like a cross between Franz Liszt and Bud Powell, flurries of notes shooting with meteoric speed across a dynamic barrage from Doane Perry, whose big, fat double bass-drum *Pearl* kit sounded like a battery of Howitzers at the Battle of the Somme.

The fans seemed almost overwhelmed by this sudden outburst and didn't cheer as loudly as they should have done. But then Tull music is meant for listening to, not for extravagant displays of wild exuberance. Ian Anderson talked so quietly between numbers, it was like a chat between friends in a bedsit, but somehow this gripped the attention far more than shouts of: "do yer feel awlright?!"

Ian, the master flute player, guitarist, singer, composer and honoured band leader of British rock can be proud of his new outfit, which is leavened by vital contributions from stalwarts Martin Barre on lead guitar and Dave Pegg on bass guitar.

Martin ripped out some powerful solos as the band worked through 'Under Wraps', 'Later That Same Evening', 'Nobody's Car' and 'European Legacy'. But while I enjoyed the new songs, the best moment of the night for most discerning Tull fans was when Ian dusted off the old favourite 'Serenade To A Cuckoo', written by Roland Kirk and featured on Tull's 1968 classic album 'This Was'.

And when the band ground out the savage riff of 'Aqualung' and 'Too Old To Rock 'N' Roll' the fans surged down to the front, all 8,000 of them, throwing caution to the winds, headbanging and gesticulating wildly.

It was enough to make an old flautist very happy. CHRIS WELCH

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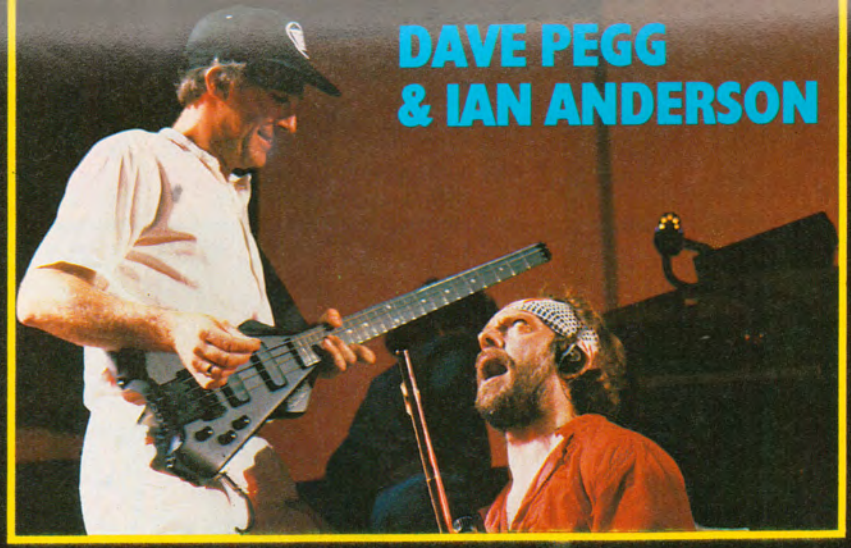
MORE REVIEWS PAGE 45

JETHRO TULL
IAN ANDERSON



DAVE PEGG & IAN ANDERSON

Pix Peter Cronin

SOUNDING OFF!

METALLICA: 'took the occasion up to boiling point'

GARY MOORE: 'good but not exceptional'

All pics Peter Cronin

BREAKING SOUND FESTIVAL
Le Bourget, Paris

IT COULDN'T happen here. . . or so I thought. Apparently, one of the more dodgy aspects of some European festivals is the promoters' insistence on advertising the appearance of acts who haven't been fully contracted. The Breaking Sound (wind more like!) festival was no exception. Accept, Mötley Crüe, Mercyful Fate and Queensrÿche had all been advertised yet failed to show.

Someone, somewhere (maybe deliberately) had screwed up bad and (at a guess) 4,000 kids had been relieved of a sizeable wad of cash. It's about time this form of Mickey Mouse administration was outlawed once and for all. I felt cheated and I hadn't even paid – God knows what the kids felt like!

Activity in the backstage area was equally as strange. From the intelligent dress sense of some of the admin. staff parading their stack-heeled libido (most seemed to favour striped pants, leathered torsos and devilish short hair) smoking disgusting French cigarettes and eating trays of garlic sausage (not made available to the British contingent, I might add!), it was blatantly obvious that the organisational aspects resembled little more than a classic Brian Rix farce. I was depressed!

DAY ONE: due to an unfortunate incident with a mute Parisian taxi driver, the *Kerrang!* team failed to catch either **High Power** (a French act sporting a weedy vocalist who endlessly issued his autograph to anyone, even those who fled, throughout the festival) or **Sortilege** (a sub-Iron Maiden butch leather boy unit). But we did arrive in time to see German Metal crushers **Bullet** in full rapid-fire blaze. It was a mistake.

Disjointed, out of time, outrageously grating, Bullet played like a confused elephant with its 'tackle' crushed between a pair of enormous bolt cutters. This band have got BIG problems; if they seriously wish to enhance their career prospects then removal of both the drummer and the vocalist is a virtual necessity. After 20 minutes they left the stage in apparent self-disgust. I didn't blame them.

It's pleasing to report that **Heavy Pettin** received a hero's welcome and played a blinder. Up to this point, I'd not been particularly taken with their brand of homogenised melodic rock, seeing them as boys in a man's game. Yet this performance totally changed my opinion.

Braving a large uncluttered stage, the cheeky chaps poured out a steaming set of blistering hard rock with more hooks than a truck load of anglers. Hamie's voice is now attaining a masterful identity. Mix his instant personality with the three-pronged guitar attack and you've got a sight 'n' sound that borders on volcanic intensity.

'Love X Love', 'Rock Me', 'Shout It Out' and 'In And Out Of Love' mixed brilliantly with the (even at this stage) superior strains of new songs such as 'Throw A Party'. The next album (likely to be produced by Beau Hill) should, all things being equal, turn the tide of approval. Go for it.

With Pettin turning on the heat, **Metallica** literally took the occasion up to boiling point. This form of Thrash Metal has never really appealed to my extra sensitive Starcastled lobes and up until now I've successfully managed to steer well clear of any (close) live encounters. Yet I was surprised at the band's obvious excitement and dedication to the cause of Real Metal. These guys play hard, fast and decidedly dirty.

Trailblazing through a selection of songs from both of their albums, the highlights – as far as the crowd were concerned – were 'No Remorse', 'The Four Horsemen', 'Motorbreath' and the gutteral yelping of 'Seek And Destroy'. Personally, I preferred the more restrained monotony of 'For Whom The Bell Tolls' and 'Ride The Lightning'. Either way, they won the crowd's approval and I'll not argue with evidence like that. Incidentally, vocalist/guitarist James Hetfield won the 'Quote Of The Festival' award with "You guys have really got your s**t together!"

Gary Moore's rise to international stardom is taking rather a long time. So far he's reached a plateau of cultish acceptance which is proving difficult to break away from. Hopefully, the single 'Empty Rooms' will change that situation pronto.

His performance on this occasion was good but not exceptional. His guitar and/or equipment seemed to be playing nasty tricks throughout the show and it was probably for this reason that the set seemed bitty and non-committed.

With Moore looking ruffled, it was left to that camp virtuoso 'conker' Carter to add the flamboyant aspects *via* his comic visual appeal. Chucking himself around the stage, Carter's presence added energy and excitement to a scene that oozed professionalism but lacked spirit.

Best of the set: 'Wishing Well'

TOKYO BLADE: 'fresh, admittedly a little tacky, and soundly heartwarming'

(as always), 'Murder In The Skies', 'Victims Of The Future', 'Rockin 'N' Rollin' and, of course, the spine-chilling 'Empty Rooms' complete with an exceptionally evocative guitar break. Moore's middle name must surely be CLASS.

Topping the bill, I mean where else could you stick this man (answers on a concrete paving stone only), was the morbid mullet head himself, **Ozzy Osbourne**. You either love him or loath him and I happen to love him. I mean, the fact that he can't sing (especially apparent during a torturous rendition of 'Rock 'N' Roll Rebel', where the man was so out of tune that he actually sounded *in* tune, if you get my drift), is disgustingly out of condition, out of time and out of his head (I think), is neither here nor there when you boil the whole caboodle down to VFM level. The man *performs*, and it's this factor that sells the tickets.

The set was the same as at the recent Donington extravaganza except that guitarist Jake E. Lee played twice as good. This man's ability to sizzle the fretboard is frankly astounding. Watching him play is like peeping through a keyhole and seeing a grossly obscene copulation in full flight. The mouth droops, the eyes explode and the brain ceases to function.

Tommy Aldridge is the other key (if you'll pardon the expression) component. Bashing away on his skins, this man earns every penny that Ozzy begrudgingly pays him. You pay for what you get, and in this instance it's certainly the best.

RONNIE JAMES DIO: 'majestic superiority'

DAY TWO: recovering from a night of serious partying (TV sets out of the window, croissants down the bog, a truck in the swimming pool, etc), the day ahead looked heavier than the night before.

Returning to the site, we arrived in time to catch French act **Tanker**. They were awful. Full of *clichéd* squeals, grunts, farts and clockwork rhythms, their set brought to mind a bizzare combination of Tank, Angel Witch and, worst of all, Sledgehammer. A horrible experience.

Tokyo Blade, however, enjoyed the same success as Heavy Pettin the previous day. Sweeping onstage to a roar of magnificent proportions, they turned my half-frown into a smile that beamed from here to eternity. . . or so it seemed. The Blade are fresh, admittedly a little tacky, and soundly heartwarming. They opt for fun and concentrate on showmanship rather than the 'Metal Up Your Arse' Co-Co the Clown surgery performed by the likes of Metallica *et al.*

'If Heaven Is Hell', 'Lightning Strikes', 'Killer City' and the gloriously infectious 'Midnight Rendezvous' (the well deserved encore) show where this band is coming from perfectly. Tokyo Blade are gonna be big, believe me.

Not so the new look **Virgin Steele**, however. Apart from Bullet's inharmonious set the previous day, VS were the biggest cock-up of the festival. They sounded like a bar band, looked like a bar band and played like one.

Consisting of vocalist Rhett Forrester (late of Riot), bassist Garry Bordonaro and drummer Carl Canedy (both from the Rods), guitarist Paul Caine and Virgin Steele mainman Jack Starr (complete with new barnet *à la* Blackmore), they were billed as a supergroup. Surely a joke!

Probably the most embarrassing moment was Jack Starr's solo spot. Delivering a series of discordant chopping noises mixed with a violent high-pitched whine, he fooled no-one – least of all the audience. Let's hope it's the last we see of them.

With Accept cancelling on the morning of the show, there was rather a disturbing gap in the running order. Hence one of the promoters accosted **Venom** (engaged in some serious ligging) and asked them to make a personal appearance on stage.

Dutifully obliging, the trio received a triumphant reception; indeed, the promoter informed the crowd that they wanted to perform, but **Blue Öyster Cult** wouldn't let them. Cue a hail of missiles and a situation of near riotous proportions. It looked more than ugly for a while. Even the self-appointed Hell's Angels security staff started acting with extra thuggish intensity, smacking kids left, right and centre.

Fortunately, the incident died a natural death and the Cult took to the stage in a magnificent burst of energy, winning a reception that quite honestly amazed me. The last time I'd seen them in concert they looked on their last legs, but tonight it was like watching a new band.

Exuding a fresh sense of power, they roared through a mighty selection of their best ever work, from 'Dominance And Submission', 'Cities On Flame' and 'Hot Rails To Hell' through to the AOR superiority of '. . . The Reaper', 'Born To Rock' and 'Burning For You'. They still cut a mean performance and that's what counts.

Dio, of course, won the day. From the moment they launched their set with 'Stand Up And Shout' to the anthemic closing strains of 'We Rock', they stamped their majestic superiority over the entire two-day bill. If there's a band deserving of the crown that Zeppelin left behind then it surely must be Dio. The concept is total. A flashing, magnificent vessel of orgasmic proportions that sweeps the air with incredible ease, engulfing all that stands before it.

'Don't Talk To Strangers', 'Mystery', 'Holy Diver', 'The Last In Line' and, obviously, 'Rainbow In The Dark' were the best songs, while the older Sabbath/Rainbow classics, 'Heaven And Hell', 'Long Live Rock 'N' Roll' and 'Man On The Silver Mountain', made the original versions sound insignificant. An incredible ending.

DEREK OLIVER

MORE REVIEWS PAGE 45

OZZY: Value For Money

BÖC: 'exuding a fresh sense of power'

QUEEN

BRIAN MAY

FREDDIE. . .

. . . MERCURY

Pics Robert Ellis

KONCERTS

FROM PAGE 40

QUEEN
Wembley Arena, London

I DO NOT believe it! I am stunned, I am astounded. I have been in the presence of something that stretched beyond the boundaries of mortality and attained the heights of something quite inexpressibly wonderful. I have witnessed a concert that has re-established my faith in the power of the rock medium as a truly awe-inspiring force! Guys, guys, if only you'd been there, you'd have seen it and felt it and lived it, too!

Let me state quite categorically that this was one of the finest performances by a rock'n'roll band I have ever seen. It had everything; it had energy, it had charm, it had style and panache and pizzazz; it had slickness and edge and aggresssion, it had power and strength and wit, and, most of all, it had *songs!*

Yeah, guys, this was an exhibition of showmanship and musicianship that ranks up there amidst the upper echelons of true greatness, if only you'd been there! We were given a display of precision with heart, of virtuosity that never once lapsed into self-indulgence. We were given a display of everything I felt was lacking in the performances of both Van Halen and AC/DC at Donington (see review last issue), a show that somehow brought all those disjointed elements that had been missing from earlier Queen shows together into a cocktail of truly staggering kick.

The set is made up of risers, walkways and massive spinning cogs, very *'Metropolis'*, and the band come togged in white, in leather and satin and cotton, very *chic*. The light show is a phenomenon in itself, incorporating state-of-the-art equipment and huge mobile gantries. So the cogs spin and the lights rise and explode and erupt and Queen are onstage bursting through 'Tear It Up' and into 'Tie Your Mother Down'.

"Hello, my beauties," camps Freddie, "how ya doin'?" and down they go 'Under Pressure'. Greatest Hits? You bet your sweet life, scumsuckers, but here's the surprise, here's the real poke in the eye with a hot fag-end. So you thought Queen were turning into just another jazz funk/disco/pop/posey band, right? Eat your words, creep, and choke on those evil thoughts – this was some of the best Heavy Metal I have ever heard. When Brian May did his chugging, mind-warping, life-removing solo spot intro to a very truncated 'Brighton Rock', you could forget Eddie Van Halen, because here we'd moved into the super-league. This was a stupendous, thunderous performance of RAW POWER, It was HEAVY but it dragged along melody as a running partner and you just wouldn't have believed the result if you'd been there to hear it for yourself! To say that the business was being done just doesn't tell the half of it.

They churned them out, one after another, the old stuff, the stuff we *wanted* to hear, when Queen still made rock albums with a vengeance: 'Somebody To Love' segues into 'Killer Queen' (and they were) which itself gives way to 'Seven Seas of Rhye', 'Keep Yourself Alive' and then 'Liar', and the reception is almost as outrageous as the show! Like conquering heroes, with the blood still wet on their lips, these guys were back and kicking some serious ass. You should have been there, you really should.

"Happy birthday, dear Freddie," chimes the crowd as the old, posing, pouting, posturing tart acknowledges the arrival this night of his 38th birthday by tossing his drink into the audience. Then, after he's done some vocal gymnastics, they barnstorm into 'Now I'm Here' with Brian May cranking out yet another in a continuing series of mind-mangling solos. This is Heavy Metal like it was always meant to be played, with elegance and flair and style.

And *style* is the word: next up he's tinkering with a semi-acoustic Spanish guitar while he and Freddie coax out 'Is This The World We Created?' from atop their centre-stage stools (very Val Doonican) before slipping into 'Love Of My Life' with some assistance from the Arena Chorus! Then Freddie opens his birthday card, handed up from the floor: "I can't read this!" he declares! But the Metal still flies thick and rivetted with 'Stone Cold Crazy' with May *yet again* assaulting his instrument and creating one of the HEAVIEST guitar sounds the human ear will ever encounter!

God, there was just too much going on! Back to the funk for 'Another One Bites The Dust' (I forget the name of the song they ripped that one off from) and 'Crazy Little Thing Called Love', with both Freddie and mysterious sessionman, Spike Edney, donning guitars and John Deacon out-doing himself in bass riffing.

But they saved their Ace of Trumps till almost the very end (you little sly-boots, you!). There's Freddie at the ivories bashing out Elton John's 'Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting' and we're rocking out with the boyz, but that's just to throw us off the scent cos it suddenly melds into 'Bohemian Rhapsody'! Oh my God, I mean what can you say? This erupts through Wembley in all its pompous, molten frenzy before the band quit the stage in favour of tapes and lights which carry them through the vocal mid-section. Then, just as suddenly, they're back and there's sound and light and fury exploding everywhere like the sky was about to go out. 'Heavy' just doesn't even begin to come close; this was like a message being handed down from Olympus!

They capped it off with 'Radio Ga Ga' and, Jesus, no let up here either with the crowd clapping and chanting along to the chorus.

Encores? Too right. Freddie comes back as Bet Lynch with a pair of enormous false breasts tucked under his pink T-shirt! (Very tasteful, dear) and we get 'I Want To Break Free' followed by Presley's 'Jailhouse Rock'! Too much, too much. Flash bombs explode and off they go. But too much ain't enough, right? So back they come with Roger Taylor pounding out the beat as the others appear on the riser behind him, Mercury this time decked out in a very touching little Regency wig number! 'We Will, We Will Rock You' chants the audience and this inevitably becomes 'We Are The Champions' before the lighting gantry descends again and they take a bow to the strains of the national anthem.

When Freddie cries out: *'We Are The Champions Of The World!'* can you doubt the truthfulness of the old tart's words? Not me, squire, cos this was quite simply rock'n' roll at its very, very best.

DAVE DICKSON

PANDORA Peroxide

CONTINUING THE CARTOON ADVENTURES OF 'THE ULTIMATE FEMALE IN ROCK'

CONTINUES NEXT ISSUE

KOMMENT

A double Donington-style dose of the get-it-off-your-chest kolumn

Pic George Bodnar

ROSS HALFIN: 'a photographer's job is hellish'

ALTHOUGH I know you people out there think us photographers live the life of Reilly, jet-setting from one extravagant lig to the next, in reality we have a pretty tough time of it, both from the industry and from you, the public.

It was this year's Donington festival that really brought it all home to me. As an event it was fine, but for photographers our job was made hellish.

Firstly, my assignment was made immensely frustrating due to the difficulty I – and indeed most of the Kerrang! *krew – encountered in trying to obtain the passes we needed to do our job properly.*

Our crime? We'd dared to print the hot news of which bands would be playing at Donington before the line-up was officially announced by the press officer in charge of the event, Judy Totten. In other words, we were penalised because we provided our readers with an advance service, enabling you to discover exactly which bands you'd be paying out for.

This guaranteed you'd have enough time to make all necessary arrangements and save up the money required if you decided it was worthwhile. And, of course, it kept Kerrang! *where it should be – out in front of the herd as the Number One source of up-to-date info on the rock scene.*

On the day itself, no-one connected with Kerrang! *could get into Donington's Artists Enclosure – which did make interviews a little difficult, as you can imagine, and of course was an indirect way of penalising YOU, because if we couldn't get to the stars, how could you read about their reactions?*

Thankfully, Van Halen's PR Steve Mandell was kind enough to supply special passes to all the Kerrang! *team, and many thanks to him for that.*

Not that officialdom was the only hurdle we had to overcome. You, the punter, can take a sizeable slice of the blame for making Donington a photographer's nightmare.

How easy do you think it is to do our job under a constant barrage of tins and missiles? It's not exactly fun being pelted with beer cans by the very people you are trying to do a service for. And, after all, what else are we doing? You might see us as pests who are just getting in your way, but I bet you enjoy seeing nice glossy pix and colour spreads of your fave mayhem merchants, don't you? Well, why make our job impossible, then? You can't have your cake and eat it!!!

I'm not saying I'm the world's greatest photographer (Why not, you usually do?—Ed) *but I do think myself and my colleagues are entitled to, if not your respect, then at least a little room to move, some space to work. We're working for your pleasure, after all.*

Sure, we make money, what's wrong with that? But we're not rolling in it as some of you seem to think. For example, I had to spend £1,700 of my own money to get those Van Halen pictures for the first issue of Extra Kerrang! *"More fool you," you might think, but if I hadn't, you'd have gone without, because* Kerrang! *couldn't afford to pay those sort of expenses.*

You know the expression 'money talks'? Well, in my case, it's usually saying "goodbye"!

Even when you get record company co-operation, you can run into trouble from the band themselves. For example, I recently photographed Styx for Sounds. *We had to guarantee the band a cover to justify the cost of my flight, and yet when I got to them I was allowed to shoot just three live numbers and no offstage pictures at all. I can assure you it wasn't easy.*

I bet a lot of you have got the violins out already. Okay, you're probably thinking, so he's not rolling in it, but at least he gets whisked all over the world.

Well, that's true, but it's certainly not as glamorous as it sounds. For example, one of the last times I flew to America my itinerary went something like this. I flew for eleven hours from London to Seattle to shoot Dio live. It was literally straight off the plane to the gig, then to the hotel. After a couple of hours kip, I had a Queensrÿche session to shoot. Then I had a 2,000 mile flight to get to Corpus Christi, stopping at four different airports en route, *to get to shoot a Twisted Sister/Ratt concert. Then I had to drive 500 miles overnight to Houston for more work.*

Believe me, I didn't exactly get much time for sight-seeing and partying. Working to those sort of schedules, even Texas gets to be about as awe-inspiring as a bus trip through Clapham during the rush hour.

And besides, people who go on about my 'global' life-style forget that I started at the bottom, too. I was that bloke with the Box Brownie at the back of the Marquee looking for a break as well, you know.

Okay, enough's enough. I'm not trying to break any hearts, just let you know that it ain't a piece of cake being a rock photographer, especially when you're up against petty unprofessional jobs-worths in the music biz and the stupid and destructive activities of certain fans – like the idiots who ruined Donington for us all.

All I'm saying is next time you see a guy struggling to get a decent picture at a gig, give the poor sod a break. He's only working for you, after all.

ROSS HALFIN

I FOUND it horrifying that the press, television and radio people virtually ignored the thousands of rock fans gathered at Donington, and yet gave immense coverage to the strikingly boring wedding of one Duran person.

Nothing against Nick Rhodes, who I've met a number of times and always found charming, but I'll bet the number of people who are rivetted by the nuptial details of his personal life are fewer than the multitude of music lovers who gathered in a field to enjoy 12 hours of HEAVY METAL.

Indeed, the only fellow media people I saw there – *Kerrang!* types aside – were a *'. . . Whistle Test'* team, Alan Freeman (always one of the most professional and conscientious of broadcasters) and Tommy Vance. No wonder there is so little rock on radio or TV in Britain. The powers-that-be have no idea how popular it is.

The point is, though, that on the day literally hundreds of people came up and asked me when the *'Heavy Metal Music Special'* – as previewed in *Kerrang!* issue 71 – would be appearing on television.

Well, the state of play is that, after an incredible response from readers with over 600 letters arriving on the desks of top executives at the Beeb in London, I am talking to the Controllers about airing the programme as soon as possible. Many thanks for your loud support. I only hope you like it when you see it.

One of the stars of the Special is Ozzy – who really stole the Donington festival, I thought. I spoke to him after his performance, and he was really emotional about the reaction he'd received. He said he'd never experienced so much love poured out to him. The sight of thousands of fans reaching out to touch him spiritually was very moving, and, I think, a tribute to the sensitivity of the kids who sense the genuine goodness of this man. Almost everyone I know in the business who has met him says he is one of the nicest people in the industry.

I was also most impressed by Mötley Crüe, a band that currently enjoys mega status in the USA, yet who had the courage to open the bill – a dangerous position for anyone, let alone a group who can headline in the States. The crowd – prepared to give everyone a chance – respected and liked them.

Actually, the disappointments for me were Van Halen, about whom I've always been sceptical, and, sadly, AC/DC – my personal favourite band. They were ragged, undisciplined, and their set had a very strange running order. They also alienated everybody backstage by behaving like STARS – hiding away, talking to nobody – whilst Ozzy had a great time mixing around, signing autographs and listening to the other bands. Ozzy is a REAL star – he has all the qualities and charisma without the bulls**t. Another similar star of the future has to be Dee Snider, who also features heavily in the Music Special.

I saw Snider a couple of weeks ago in New York when Twisted Sister opened for Dio at a concert in Long Island – a weird choice by Dio, since Sister are a Long Island band. Needless to say, they totally stole the thunder of the evening.

Dee – who, like most American rock people, gets *Kerrang!* by airmail every fortnight – also asked me when the music special was going on the *BBC*. It's nice to know Heavy Metal is truly international!

Keep reading *Kerrang!* and – with luck – you'll see a date for broadcast soon. Once again, thanks to all of you for your support.

JONATHAN KING

JONATHAN KING and Crüe creatures: why did the media ignore Castle Donington?

Pic Joe Bangay

SINGLES

1	—	HEAVEN'S ON FIRE	**Kiss** (Vertigo)
2	1	2 MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT	**Iron Maiden** (EMI)
3	—	KILLED BY DEATH	**Motörhead** (Bronze)
4	2	I WANNA BE SOMEBODY	W.A.S.P. (Capitol)
5	3	BIG CITY NIGHTS	**Scorpions** (Harvest)
6	16	MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW	**Mama's Boys** (Jive)
7	6	EMPTY ROOMS	**Gary Moore** (10)
8	—	DON'T STOP RUNNIN'	**Y&T** (A&M)
9	8	ANIMAL (**** LIKE A BEAST)	**W.A.S.P.** (Music For Nations)
10	4	NERVOUS SHAKEDOWN	**AC/DC** (Atlantic)
11	7	WE ROCK	**Dio** (Vertigo)
12	14	ROCK ME TONITE	**Billy Squier** (Capitol)
13	5	LOOKS THAT KILL	**Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
14	9	I'LL WAIT	**Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
15	15	ASSASSING	**Marillion** (EMI)
16	13	MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW	**Quiet Riot** (Epic)
17	10	ISLAND IN THE SUN	**Alcatrazz** (RCA)
18	17	THE LAST IN LINE	**Dio** (Vertigo import)
19	28	LIGHTNING STRIKES	**Tokyo Blade** (Powerstation)
20	11	TOO DIFFERENT, TWO PEOPLE	**Persian Risk** (Zebra)
21	—	HAUNTING THE CHAPEL	**Slayer** (Roadrunner)
22	12	UP AROUND THE BEND	**Hanoi Rocks** (CBS)
23	19	BREAKAWAY	**Spider** (A&M)
24	22	SO TIRED	**Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
25	18	IT CAN HAPPEN	**Yes** (Atco)
26	20	THUNDER ON THE TUNDRA	**Thor** (Ultra Noise)
27	26	WE'RE NOT GONNA TAKE IT	**Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
28	23	ROLL AWAY THE STONE	**Pet Hate** (FM)
29	21	LEGS (METAL MIX)	**ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
30	27	NOISE, FILTH & FURY EP	**Warfare** (Neat)

LOCAL CHART

1		COULDN'T STAND THE WEATHER	**Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble** (Epic)
2		PURPLE RAIN	**Prince** (Warner Brothers)
3		DANGEROUS MUSIC	**Robin George** (Bronze)
4		POWERSLAVE	**Iron Maiden** (EMI)
5		KILLED BY DEATH	**Motörhead** (Bronze)
6		LOCOMOTIVE	**Motörhead** (Bronze)
7		HEAVEN'S ON FIRE	**Kiss** (Vertigo)
8		ELIMINATOR	**ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
9		W.O.W.	**Wendy O. Williams** (Music For Nations)
10		SIGN OF THE HAMMER	**Manowar** (10)
11		MIKE WILHELM	**Mike Wilhelm** (Fan Club Records)
12		W.A.S.P.	**W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)
13		1984	**Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
14		ROCK WILL NEVER DIE	**MSG** (Chrysalis)
15		ALL FIRED UP	**Fastway** (CBS)
16		THE WARNING	**Queensrÿche** (EMI America)
17		WE WANT MOORE!	**Gary Moore** (10)
18		BEWARE OF THE DOG	**Tysondog** (Neat)
19		READY AS HELL	**Jim Dandy** (Hacienda)
20		FUGAZI	**Marillion** (EMI)
21		PYROMANIA	**Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
22		OUT OF THE CELLAR	**Ratt** (Atlantic)
23		STAY HUNGRY	**Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
24		MAMA'S BOYS	**Mama's Boys** (Jive)
25		RIDE THE LIGHTNING	**Metallica** (Music For Nations)
26		IN ROCK WE TRUST	**Y&T** (A&M)
27		NO PAROLE FROM ROCK 'N' ROLL	**Alcatrazz** (RCA)
28		LITTLE LADY	**Duke Jupiter** (Morocco)
29		SIGN OF THE TIMES	**Billy Squier** (Capitol)
30		DEREK & CLIVE COME AGAIN	**Derek & Clive** (Virgin)

Compiled at 'Krusher's Earbashing Night', The China Hall pub, London SE16.

Anyone wishing to have their local chart/radio playlist published in *Kerrang!* should send a copy to: ***Kerrang!* Charts/Playlists, 40 Long Acre, London WC2.**

ALBUMS

1	—	POWERSLAVE	**Iron Maiden** (EMI)
2	—	W.A.S.P.	**W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)
3	2	RIDE THE LIGHTNING	**Metallica** (Music For Nations)
4	—	THE BLITZ	**Krokus** (Arista)
5	9	SHOUT AT THE DEVIL	**Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
6	28	LET THEM EAT METAL	**The Rods** (Music For Nations)
7	3	THE LAST IN LINE	**Dio** (Vertigo)
8	—	DON'T BREAK THE OATH	**Mercyful Fate** (Music For Nations)
9	14	NO PAROLE FROM ROCK 'N' ROLL	**Alcatrazz** (RCA)
10	1	IN ROCK WE TRUST	**Y&T** (A&M)
11	8	1984	**Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
12	7	HELL COMES TO YOUR HOUSE	**Various** (Music For Nations)
13	4	CONDITION CRITICAL	**Quiet Riot** (Epic)
14	17	BON JOVI	**Bon Jovi** (Mercury)
15	5	STAY HUNGRY	**Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
16	23	ALL FIRED UP	**Fastway** (CBS)
17	10	ELIMINATOR	**ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
18	6	MAMA'S BOYS	**Mama's Boys** (Jive)
19	15	OUT OF THE CELLAR	**Ratt** (Atlantic)
20	20	FUGAZI	**Marillion** (EMI)
21	22	UNLACED	**Black Lace** (Mausoleum)
22	13	PYROMANIA	**Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
23	11	LIVE AT THE NEC	**Status Quo** (IMS/Vertigo)
24	19	ROCK WILL NEVER DIE	**Michael Schenker Group** (Chrysalis)
25	12	STREET TALK	**Steve Perry** (CBS)
26	16	DI'ANNO	**Di'Anno** (FM)
27	29	GRACE UNDER PRESSURE	**Rush** (Vertigo)
28	21	INDEPENDENT DAYS	**Hawkwind** (Flicknife)
29	27	90125	**Yes** (Atco)
30	41	BLACK 'N BLUE	**Black 'N Blue** (Geffen)
31	24	THE WARRIOR	**Chariot** (Shades)
32	35	AT WAR WITH SATAN	**Venom** (Neat)
33	25	POWER FROM THE UNIVERSE	**Battleaxe** (Music For Nations)
34	30	HEAD ON ROCK 'N' ROLL	**Michael Furlong** (Roadrunner)
35	26	ALL THOSE WASTED YEARS	**Hanoi Rocks** (Johanna)
36	18	BOX OF FROGS	**Box Of Frogs** (Epic)
37	37	VICES	**Kick Axe** (Pasha)
38	45	SLIDE IT IN (US REMIX)	**Whitesnake** (Geffen)
39	36	STAKK ATTAKK	**Wrathchild** (Heavy Metal Records)
40	31	VOA	**Sammy Hagar** (Geffen)
41	40	MASK	**Roger Glover** (Polydor)
42	34	AKIMBO ALOGO	**Kim Mitchell** (Alert)
43	42	VOICE OF AMERICA	**Little Steven & The Disciples Of Soul** (EMI America)
44	32	SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR	**Marillion** (EMI)
45	33	DIRTY FINGERS	**Gary Moore** (Jet)
46	50	A TASTE OF TEAZE	**Teaze** (Heavy Metal America)
47	44	FIREPOWER	**Chateaux** (Ebony)
48	39	SIGNS OF LIFE	**Billy Squier** (Capitol)
49	—	RITES OF CHAOS	**Demon Eyes** (Ebony)
50	—	WALKIN' THE RAZOR'S EDGE	**Helix** (Capitol)

IMPORT ALBUMS

1		MAMA'S BOYS	**Mama's Boys** (Jive)
2		BLACK 'N BLUE	**Black 'N Blue** (Geffen)
3		HEAD ON ROCK 'N' ROLL	**Michael Furlong** (Roadrunner)
4		ALL THOSE WASTED YEARS	**Hanoi Rocks** (Johanna)
5		VICES	**Kick Axe** (Pasha)
6		SLIDE IT IN (US REMIX)	**Whitesnake** (Geffen)
7		AKIMBO ALOGO	**Kim Mitchell** (Alert)
8		SIGNS OF LIFE	**Billy Squier** (Capitol)
9		WALKIN' THE RAZOR'S EDGE	**Helix** (Capitol)
10		MAN'S BEST FRIEND	**Wild Dogs** (Shrapnel)

PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . .

MALCOLM DOME

'DANGEROUS MUSIC' Robin George (Bronze)
'SIGN OF THE HAMMER' Manowar (10)
'THE WARNING' Queensrÿche (EMI America)
'CAN'T WAIT ALL NIGHT' Juice Newton (RCA)

DANTE BONUTTO

'ANIMALIZE' Kiss (Vertigo)
'THE WARNING' Queensrÿche (EMI America)
'SIGN OF THE HAMMER' Manowar (10)
'DEMON' Tysondog (track from the 'Beware Of The Dog' LP on Neat)

MICK WALL

'TOUCH THE NIGHT' Marseille (Ultra Noise)
'DANGEROUS MUSIC' Robin George (Bronze)
'HIGHWAY TO HELL' AC/DC (Atlantic 45)
'JOE'S GARAGE' Frank Zappa (Zappa Records import)

HOWARD JOHNSON

'THE WARNING' Queensrÿche (EMI America)
'SHOUT' Robin George (track from the 'Dangerous Music' LP on Bronze)
'HEAVEN'S ON FIRE' Kiss (Vertigo 45)
'BAD ATTITUDE' Meat Loaf (Arista)

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IT'S GOT TO BE HOT!

Chris Tsangarides is one of the world's top producers. His credits appear on albums by Thin Lizzy, Rock Goddess, Spider, Mamma's Boys, Y + T, Judas Priest, Gary Moore, Lords of the New Church and many more. Chris uses Washburn Guitars and Basses. The Bantam Bass, HB35 semi, Force 3V, a 20V BBR and Woodstock Active all find their way onto the albums he produces, from time to time.

"I spend a lot of time looking for guitar sounds that are interesting and powerful. My Washburns are just that — and they play great! The Washburn floor effects are useful too, they're as quiet as anything you'll find on a rack."

Coming from a man who uses the HB35 through 3 Marshall and 2 Hi-Watt stacks overdriven with a Washburn "Stack in a Box" that is quite a statement!

WASHBURN

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